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W. H. NOLL AND WIFE PETROMORTIS VICTIMS

Both Suffocated by Fumes from Burned Gasoline.

DEATH CAME SUDDENLY

Woman's Body Found on Front Seat of Automobile—Husband, Cold in Death was Standing Alongside Car—Coroner Holds Inquest.

Victims of petromortis, which is suffocation by gas from burned gasoline, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Noll were found cold in death in the former's garage in Forrest Bullock's wagon and carriage shop on South Water Street, near by the Big Spring, early last Saturday morning. Mrs. Noll was found lying on the front seat of Mr. Noll's automobile. Mr. Noll was standing alongside the front door of the car, his arms extending inside the machine. Coroner Sebring held an inquest Saturday afternoon, the jury returning a verdict that death had been caused by suffocation.

Physicians expressed the belief that Mr. and Mrs. Noll had been dead probably eight or nine hours before their bodies were found by a brother of the former, Calvin Noll, of Peru. The tragic deaths are the first to result from the cause given in this part of the State. In the last five or six weeks, however, several fatalities from petromortis have been reported. The simplest explanation of the two deaths on Saturday, so automobilists believe, is this: The Noll garage was closed while Mr. Noll was making some repairs to his engine. He had about completed the repairs but had not attached the muffler to the engine. His wife, who had complained of having headache early Friday evening, was lying asleep on the front seat of the car. Mr. Noll had started up the engine to test it and "wear in" some new bearings. The muffler being detached the exhaust from the engine was greater than would have been the case ordinarily and the fumes from the burned gasoline quickly overpowered both Mr. Noll and his wife. The latter, having been asleep, no doubt was overpowered first and unknown to her husband. The latter was stricken before he could turn away from the car. In cases of petromortis, which is described more fully in another column, the gas acts so quickly that death may result before the victim is able to realize his danger and move to a point of safety.

The last that Mr. and Mrs. Noll were seen alive was about 7.30 o'clock Friday evening. This was established at the Coroner's inquest. About that hour Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Noll visited the Noll garage. There they found and conversed with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Noll, who by the way had been married only on the previous Monday evening. William H. Noll was engaged in repairing the engine of his car. His wife complained of having headache and remarked that she had slept the greater part of the afternoon. Mr. Noll said that he had his repairs nearly finished and that he expected to be through in time to take his car to the 8.30 train from Tyrone. Later in the evening, he said, he expected to drive with his wife to the home of his father, George Noll, at Peru. It was his custom to drive to Peru each evening and return in the morning.

At the inquest it was established that the car, when examined Saturday morning, was in about the same condition as when Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Noll visited the garage Friday evening. This would seem to indicate that the two victims were suffocated shortly after 7.30 o'clock Friday evening. The switch of the car was on, indicating that Mr. Noll had been testing it before attaching the body, which was lying nearby the machine. An electric light on a workbench in the garage was burning. The door of the garage was shut. The room was one with little ventilation when windows and door are closed.

As stated, Mr. and Mrs. Noll were not found until about 8. o'clock Saturday morning. However, fully an hour earlier that morning Homer Barnes, of Bellefonte, who keeps his car at the garage, went there to get his machine. He testified at the inquest that he had opened the door of the garage and walked inside. He observed the electric lamp burning on the work-bench. As he was taking his machine out of the garage he observed Mrs. Noll lying, apparently asleep, on the front seat of the Noll car, and Mr. Noll standing alongside the car as if leaning slightly over the front door. It was rather dark in the garage. Mr.

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PORT MATILDA CHURCH READY FOR DEDICATION

Upper Bald Eagle Valley Methodists Enthused.

CEREMONIES JAN'Y. 30

Elaborate Program Planned for All-Day Services Next Sunday—Church has Interesitng Record Covering Half Century.

Sunday, January 30th, will be a red letter day with the members and friends of the Port Matilda Methodist Episcopal Church. The day will witness the dedication of the new Port Matilda Methodist Episcopal church building, but recently completed at a cost of upward of $6,000. In honor of the important event in the religious life of the upper Bald Eagle Valley members and friends of other churches will participate in the dedicatory ceremonies, for which a particularly interesting program has been arranged.

The morning service will be at 10 o'clock, opening with an organ prelude by Mrs. C. W. Crain to be followed by a selection by the choir. Next there will be congregational singing from Hymnal No. 180 and the recital of the Apostles Creed, after which Rev. J. Earl Jacobs, pastor of the church, will lead in prayer. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Benjamin C. Connor, D. D., president of Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. Before the close of the morning service there will be an offering lifted for the benefit of the new church building fund.

Rev. Gordon A. Williams, of Altoona, will preside at the afternoon service at 2.30 o'clock. The opening number will be singing by the Sunday School, followed by prayer led by Simon Harpster, Sunday School Superintendent. Next will be a selection by the choir and a Scripture lesson conducted by Harold Shope, Sunday School Secretary. A happy feature will be greetings from representatives of the Presbyterian and Baptist Sunday schools and brief addresses by returning friends. An offering for the church building fund will also be lifted at the service.

In the evening at 7.30 o'clock a service will be held at which the sermon will be preached by Rev. E. H. Yocum, D. D., pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church. Before proceeding with the impressive dedicatory ceremony an offering will be lifted for the church fund by which time it is earnestly hoped a large portion, if not all, of the unpaid balance will have been raised.

The building committee having in charge the plans and general supervision of the construction work was composed of Rev. J. Earl Jacobs, W. T. Hoover, Edgar Williams, A. S. Price, W. Scott Crain and John M. Williams. The trustees of the church are W. T. Hoover, A. J. Johnson, A. S. Price, Edgar Williams, Victor Weston, Ernest Spotts and George Price.

Port Matilda Methodist Episcopal Church is the oldest Church in Upper Bald Eagle Valley. The congregation was organized about 1859 At this time it was served as "Preacher in Charge" by Rev. John Guss, and by Rev. James Sanks "Presiding Elder." Port Matilda was then one of twelve appointments which constituted what was known as Bald Eagle circuit. The following is a list of the twelve appointments: Olivia Church, Bald Eagle School House, Hickory Bottom School House, Port Matilda, Ardery Chapel, Stine School House, Dix Run, Beaver Mills, Julian, Allegheny Chapel, Black Oak School and Cherry Grove School House. In these twelve appointments there were one hundred and seventy members, and of this number Port Matilda had eighteen. In the year 1858-59 the Rev. John Guss, "Preacher in Charge", received as his salary $289.33, and the Rev. James Sanks, "Presiding Elder," received $40, making a total of $329.33 as ministerial support for the twelve appointments, and of this amount Port Matilda paid $16.12. Between then and now, or more than a half century, thirty-six pastors have been appointed to shepherd this thirty miles of Bald Eagle Valley, and for a shortime some of Half Moon Valley.

The following is a list of these ministers and the date of service:

John Guss, 1859-60.
W. H. Stevens, 1860-62.
H. M. Ash, 1862-65.
S. M. Hartsock, 1865-66.
Elisha Butler, 1866-68.
L. M. Clark, 1868-70.
I. B. Akers, 1870-71.
I. H. Craig, 1871-72.
I. L. Chandler, 1872-73.
John Guss, 1873-77.
W. W. Reese, 1877-78.
J. W. Haughawout, 1878-80.
J. R. King, 1880-81.
C. Cowbrige, March to Oct. 1881.
C. Graham, Oct. 1881-82.
I. B. Ague, 1882-83.
J. M. McGarrah, 1883-84.
G. W. Baker, 1884-85.
C. A. Biddle, 1885-86.
Wm. Brill, 1886-88.
Bruce Hughes, 1888-89.
C. W. Rishell, 1889-90.
J. C. Young, 1890-93.
G. P. Sarvis, 1893-96.
H. N. Minnigh, 1896-98.
E. White, 1898-00.
E. S. Latshaw, 1900 to Oct. 02.
J. V. Royer, Oct. 1902-to March 03.
Gordon Gray 1903-to Oct. 03.
J. B. Durkee 1903-07.
E. S. Bierly, 1907-09.
M. H. Ake, 1909-11.
W. F. Gilbert, 1911-13.
W. B. Cook, 1913-15.
J. Earl Jacobs 1915.

In the year 1864 Rev. H. M. Ash built the parsonage at Port Matilda, and about this time the Conference changed the name of the charge from Bald Eagle Circuit to Port Matilda. From this date we can trace a steady advance centering mostly on Port Matilda. One by one the appointments were dropped or given to other charges or other denominations, until only five are left, namely: Bald Eagle, Hannah, Port Matilda, Martha and Julian. In these five appointments there are today 265 members as against 174 in twelve appointments fifty-seven years ago. At each of these appointments a church has been built, and Port Matilda is building her second church.

Somewhere along about 1868 a two story frame church was built at Port Matilda. This was an edifice dear to the hearts of many. On her alters many penitential tears were poured, and within her walls many shouts of triumphant glory arose. From her sacred desk many powerful sermons have been preached. All these and possibly a thousand other influential circumstances have had their effect, but the Unseen Hand is guiding. And because of all this the members will dedicate their new church next Sunday to the continued service and worship of Almighty God.

With F. D. Byer and Company, of Tyrone Pa., as contractor and manager, was begun the task of tearing down and lowering the old building on August 9th, 1915. In these five months they have completed the work. The builders have made a record as to time, and have as a landmark a good sample of workmanship, and for a church the members have the best for the lowest cost.

The following is a brief mention of things done. The first story was taken from the old structure and the second was lowered on a wall three feet out of the ground and five below it, thereby giving an eight feet basement for a social hall, furnace room, etc. At the northwestern side of the old building, which in itself was 40x60, a new part was added, 17x35. Thus an extra room has been gained for the Sunday school and by a sliding curtain can be added to the main auditorium. The whole building has been veneered with a six inch stone wall well laid in cement mortar. The stone for the veneering have been taken from the top of the Allegheny moantain. Much care was exercised in the selection of the stone need in the veneering of the building. Much ground was covered that there might be secured only those stones which nature has painted and on which she has grown the moss peculiarly adapted to the rock. These stone have been carefully laid without the mark of a hammer. The church has three large windows and thirteen smaller windows. Each window has a little design in it. The windows were furnished by the Pittsburg Art Glass Company. The

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Be Sure and Ventilate Your Garage.

The "Farm and Home" magazine of January 15th published the following timely article:—

The fumes of burned gasoline may be quickly fatal. Several deaths were reported last month of men who started their automobile engines in their small home garages, to warm up the engine before taking it out, or to charge the storage battery. In each case the garage was tightly closed and the men were suffocated in a short time. It is dangerous to work around an automobile engine that is running unless you open a window or door, both front and rear, so that the fumes may be carried out of doors.

Just what causes death is not exactly known. Dr. John D. Ellis, head of the department of occupational diseases at Rush medical college, said that the gas fumes were not carbon monoxide, but lethal fumes caused by splitting products of benzine so new to science that they have not been named. Death is caused by absorption of some of this gaseous poison.

"This gas," he said, "is as deadly as a knife thrust through the heart. It is due to the non-oxidication of some of the elements of gasoline and escapes from the exhaust of every running auto. In the open air, where a motorist would inhale a whiff or two, it would not be dangerous; in a closed garage it would kill almost instantly. It is a menace that hovers constantly over the careless automobilist."

NEWS BY WIRELESS

Group of High School Students Pick Up Interesting War Despatches.

A group of Bellefonte High School students, under the supervistion of Mr. Eugene H. Weik, instructor in science, have devised and installed a wireless telegraphy apparatus by means of which they find it a simple matter to receive messages from Arlington, Virginia, Brooklyn Navy Yard and other points. The practical work accomplished along this line is unique in science departments of High Schools in towns of the size of Bellefonte. The boys who have assumed leadership in this work are Ray Durst John Cunningham, Austin Hoy, Robert Musser, Miles Wetzel and William Schmidt.

On Tuesday night the students were on the job receiving wireless messages. Following are some of those received:

Berlin:—The Cathedral at Nieuport was destroyed by the German artillery, because it was an observation post.

Paris:—Last night there was continual artillery activity in the vicinity of Nieuport. In Belgium the results favored the French. The Germans at one point penetrated the French trenches. Nancy was again bombarded by German long range guns and aeroplanes. There were two persons wounded and much property was destroyed.

London:—Two hostile aeroplanes dropped bombs on Dunkirk.

Athens:—Serbian town was bombarded by French aeroplanes. One-hundred persons were killed.

London:—Fifty Turkish officers were captured by Russians in recent battle in the neighborhood of Erzerum.

Berlin:—A British Relief force proceeding to Kutet Mara, was repulsed near Menalarija on the twenty-first. British left three thousand dead on the field.

Liverpool:—It was reported that a Dominion Liner, Norseman, was sunk.

London:—British government has ordered an investigation to be made concerning the sinking of the Persia, unofficially reported. Turkey assumed responsibility for the submarines action.

Washington:—Germany sends new Lusitania proposal, but the details are not given.

Mrs. Eliza McNichol Dead.

Mrs. Eliza McNichol died at 2.30 o'clock Tuesday morning from grip at her late home in Bellefonte. Had she lived until April 2d, next, she would have become seventy years old. Her maiden name was Eliza Ream. She was born at Pleasant Gap, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ream. She was of a kindly, genial disposition and was held in affectionate esteem by many friends. There survive three children: John E. and J. P. McNichol of Bellefonte, and Mrs. G. A. Ebersol, of Harrisburg. Surviving also is a sister, Mrs. Martha Miller, of Harrisburg. Funeral services were held today from St. John's Roman Catholic church, Rev. Father Quinn officiating. Interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

Jacob Heller Dead.

Jacob Heller, a well known resident of South Philipsburg, died last Friday morning from paralysis. He was aged 69 years, 9 months and 19 days. He was born in Chambersburg and when a young man removed to Centre County. He was a resident of South Philipsburg for 36 years. In 1869 he married Miss Mary Esther Spotts, of Port Matilda, who survives together with three sons and a drughter: John, of Homestead; William of Cleveland, Ohio; George, of Nant-y-Glo, and Mollie, wife of Grant Showers, of South Philipsburg. He also leaves three brothers and one sister, viz: John of Chambersburg; William, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Fred and Mary, of Strausburg, Pa.

25,000 ODD FELLOWS DUE HERE APRIL 26

To Celebrate 97th, Anniversary of the Order.

18 COUNTIES IN LINE

Five Hundred Lodges to be Represented in Big One Day Celebration—Town to be Handsomely Decorated For the Occasion.

Upward of 25,000 members of Odd Fellows lodges from eighteen counties in Pennsylvania are expected in Bellefonte on Wednesday, April 26th, which date will mark the celebration by Odd Fellows lodges generally of the ninety-seventh anniversary of the founding of the order in America. Bellefonte Lodge, I. O. O. F., will be host on the occasion of the celebration to be observed here.

The eighteen counties which will send large delegations to Bellefonte are Blair, Bradford, Cameron, Centre, Clinton, Columbia, Dauphin, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Wyoming, Montour, Northumberland, Potter, Schuylkill, Snyder, Sullivan, Tioga and Union. Some of these counties have lodges whose membership runs as high as one thousand. There are about five hundred lodges in the eighteen counties, including encampments, cantons and Rebekah lodges.

The celebration will be for one day, only. Many of the visiting lodges will travel in special trains and will arrive here a day ahead of the festivities. The principal streets of the town will be handsomely decorated. The program of events will be announced later.

Mrs. Catherine Symmonds Dead.

Mrs. Catherine Symmonds, widow of William Symmonds, died at her home in Bellefonte last Sunday night at 9 o'clock of old age. She was aged 76 years and is survived by the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Thos. H. Buchanan and George O. Symmonds, of Altoona; Mrs Cyrus Solt, Mrs. A. M. Bailey and Levi S. Symmonds, of Bellefonte; Mrs. John C. Hoy, of Lemont, and Miss Della, of State College. Several brothers and sisters also survive. Mrs. Symmonds was a member of the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church. Funeral services were held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the Methodist church in Bellefonte. Interment was made in the Pleasant Gap cemetery.

Mrs. J. H. Huston Dead.

Mrs. Evelyn H. R. Huston, wife of Dr. R. H. Huston, died suddenly at her late home at Clintondale last Friday morning at 3.45 o'clock. She had spent the greater part of Thursday with friends in Bellefonte, returning home late that afternoon. She ate a hearty supper with the family and apparently was enjoying the best of health when she retired for the night. She died a few minutes after suffering an attack of heart failure. The deceased was prominent in the work of the W. C. T. U. and was well known and highly esteemed throughout Clinton and Centre Counties. Surviving are her husband and three children.

Wesley M. Holmes Dead.

Word was received in Bellefonte on Monday of the death of Wesley Martin Holmes, who passed away some time Sunday night at his late home in Wilkinsburg. The Holmes family resided in Bellefonte about twenty-five years ago. Mr. Holmes was engaged in the lumber business. At the time of his death he was aged 80 years. His wife preceded him to the grave. Her maiden name was Clarilla VanCleve. Funeral services for Mr. Holmes were held in Lock Haven Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. George Gunsallus.

Mrs. Ellen, wife of George Gunsallus, died at her late home at Hublersburg on Tuesday morning of last week, following an illness of about six months, her death being caused by cancer. She was aged about 40 years and was a daughter of the late John Streck, of Beech Creek. She is survived by her husband and three children, also her mother and several brothers and sisters.

Amos L. Kepler Dead.

Amos L. Kepler died last Thursday at his late home at Renovo, aged 59 years. He had been ill for three or four years. He is survived by a widow and nine children, including Miss Leona Kepler, of State College.

David F. Ickes Dead.

David F. Ickes, aged 32 years, was found dead in a shanty at White Rock Monday morning. Death was due to acute alcoholism. He was unmarried. Burial was made today.

GOVERNOR ONCE MORE PUTS OFF EXECUTION

Respites Pennington and March Another Month.

WERE TO DIE TODAY

Delaware County Murderers, May Escape Death Chair as Result of Strong Pressure on Governor—Now Safe Until February 21st.

G. H. March and P. F. Pennington, the Delaware County murderers, were yesterday respited by Governor Brumbaugh until the week of February 21st. Everything was in readiness to electrocute the two men today at the new penitentiary. Some now believe both will never go to the death chair owing to strong pressure being centered on the Governor in their behalf.

The State Board of Pardons on January 21st, refused a re-hearing to March and Pennington. In May, 1915, the two men were refused commutation of the death sentence. All told, they were three times refused a re-hearing. About a month ago the week for their electrocution was fixed and they were brought to the death house from the Media jail. A day or two later a respite was granted by the Governor to give time for another appeal to the Board of Pardons. This appeal being refused it was announced that the two would be put to death on Monday morning, last. On Saturday the Governor granted a respite of a few days. No reason was announced for the delay.

At the time of the last appeal to the Board of Pardons at Harrisburg, January 21st., argument on the applications for re-hearing lasted two and a half hours. It was the most extended argument ever heard on such applications, and was marked by continued questioning of the attorneys by members of the Board and discussion of their points.

For March it was contended that he had gone insane since conviction, and for Pennington that he was a youth with undeveloped mentality; that he was influenced by March, and that he was without a motive for the crime. A letter from Judge Johnson, of Media, was presented, stating that commutation would meet approval of a large portion of the community and of himself, together with other letters and petitions.

The members of the Board took the position that both men had been given fair trial, with all the safeguards possible that nothing had been shown to prove their mental irresponsibility and that the cases had been reviewed by the Supreme Court and considered by the Board.

Intimation that too many applications for exercise of the clemency of the State in the interest of persons convicted of taking human life were being made of the Board was given by Lieutenant Governor McClain, its chairman. The Board had eight applications involving homicide of varying degrees on its calendar, and when the plea for pardon of Frank P. Smith, Northampton county, serving 20 years for murder, was reached Mr. McClain said:

"Murder is becoming too popular, and there is too much sentiment mixed in these applications. We must act to protect the best interests of society." District Attorney Seip, of Northampton, opposed the application Smith was refused pardon.

Large Barn Burned.

A large barn located on the Sprankle brothers' farm, two miles west of Tyrone was destroyed by fire last Saturday night. The loss was about $6,500, partly covered by insurance. Two horses, three cows, a calf and three head of butchering cattle, also twenty tons of hay, 540 bushels of oats, 200 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of potatoes and a large quantity of fodder, also a lot of harness, etc., were consumed by the flames. It is supposed the fire was of incindiary origin.

Walker—Fogelman.

Harvey E. Walker, of Valley View, and Miss Ruth B. Fogelman, of Fillmore, were united in marriage at 2.30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at the home of Philip Walker, at Valley View, Rev. Mr. MacLeod, pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Walker will reside at Lewistown.

Rider—Lingle.

Robert C. Rider and Miss Annie E. Lingle, both of Coburn, were married at the United Brethren parsonage in Bellefonte on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. Mr. MacLeod officiating.

AT THE CAPITOL

Incidents and Events Political being Discussed at Washington.

Washington, Jan. 26, (Special Correspondence) "Just to show you what New England thinks of Democracy, it is interesting as well as educational to compare the House representation of the opening of the 63d congress with that of the 64th," said a well known representative from that section, in the Republican cloak room. "When Wilson was elected in 1912, of the 32 congressmen from that section of our county, 18 were Democrats and 14 Republicans. After less than two years under the Underwood bill, when the elections of 1914 occurred, New England returned to Republicanism and protection, and out of the 32 congressmen chosen, 26 are Republicans and only 6 are Democrats. We gained four in Massachusetts, five in Connecticut, two in New Hampshire, and one in Rhode Island. There will be further gains in 1916.

"New Hampshire is safely and surely back in the Republican column," said Congressman Cyrus Adams Sulloway of that state. "The people up my way are after everything that bears the Democratic label. In the city in which I live the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., the biggest cotton mills in the world, who employ 18,000 operatives, have for weeks been running on a four days schedule. The drawn curtains of these mills two days a week, is an object lesson of the results of Democracy that will not be forgotten for a generation. One of the operatives of this great corporation said to me just before I came to Washington: 'Now I do not know much about this tariff business, but I do know that when the Republicans are in power I have plenty of work and good pay. That's good enough for me and that's the party that will get my vote.' This represents the sentiments of the New England voter. He will cast his ballot in 1916 for the party that keeps the mills running and the pay envelope filled. Our industries and our people are absolutely dependent upon the policy of protection for prosperity and good business."

"The people of my district are up in arms over the policy of the present postmaster-general, who is curtailing the rural free delivery service," said a Georgia congressman in the House lobby a few days since. "What is true of my district, is equally true of other districts in the state. The situation had become so vexatious and the protests of the people of my state so emphatic, that our state delegation visited the post office department and protested vigorously against the present policy of cutting down and discontinuing rural routes. I firmly believe that if an election were held in Georgia today that the state would go Republican. I never saw the farmers more stirred up. They say that rural free delivery was one of the greatest boons that ever came to them and that it was developed and established by the Republican party. You cannot argue the people of our section away from the idea that it is a Republican institution and they are frankly stating that they are ready to support the party that helps them and does something for them. If the Democratic party is beaten in 1916, one great contributing factor is going to be the policy and acts of the present management of the post office department."

"The prompt and vigorous action of Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, and the successful effort he made with the state department in getting a modification of the embargo placed on logwood exported from Jamaica, by Great Britain, which was working havoc with the attempt to manufacture dyes in this country, was a most creditable piece of work on the part of this statesman and Republican," said asouthern New England Congressman. 'Logwood enters extensively into the manufacture of dyes and had it not been for the prompt action on the part of the Senator and his successful efforts, a number of industries in New England would have been compelled to close their doors and discharge their help. The action of the Senator has met with great commendation in all manufacturing centers where dyes are used."

Mrs. H. D. Rumberger Dead.

Mrs. Harry D. Rumberger died on Wednesday night of last week at her late home at Philipsburg, her death being due to complications following the birth of a son on January 11th. The news of her death was a shock to a wide circle of friends. The maiden name of the deceased was Cora Pearce. She was a daughter of the late Andrew Pearce, who died at Philipsburg November 9th, 1915. She married Mr. Rumberger June 8th, 1910. Surviving are her husband and infant son, also her mother, four sisters and a brother.

Sleeper to New York

Beginning January 23, 1916, the Penna. R. R. Co announces the inauguration of through sleeping car from Williamsport to New York. Car open at 9.00 P. M. and will be run on train leaving Williamsport 11.05 P. M., arriving New York 6.54 A. M. and may be occupied until 7.30 A. M.

Returning, leave New York at 8.00 P. M., arriving Williamsport 6.40 A. M., and may be occupied until 7.30 A. M.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

A Word to Farmers.

Elizabethville, Pa.

To The Farmers: Have you ever stopped to consider the enormous losses farmers annually suffer by the ravages of various forms of insect life,—losses that could in large part be prevented by protecting our bug-eating birds?

This is a subject that should engage the attention of every farmer. It is exclusively a sound business proposition that means money in and out of the farmers pocket, according to the degree to which a remedy is applied. Nature is providing this insect life abundantly as the ligetimate food of our quail and other bug-eating birds to sustain them in prosecuting their mission as the farmers' helpmate, but through our short-sighted policy many thousands of these birds are permitted to be slaughtered annually as game, leaving the destructive insect pests to accomplish their work of ruin with ever increasing forces.

Competent authorities declare that the wheat growers in this country lose $100,000,000 every year because of the clinch bug, and $200,000,000 more because of the hessian fly, while cotton growers lose $100,000,000 by the boll weevil. A quail killed by an expert in Ohio had in its craw 1200 clinch bugs, and one killed in another wheat field had 2000 hessian flies.

This should be sufficient evidence of the great economic value of these birds and move the farmers to concerted, organized action for their protection. It is also said on good authority that potato growers pay $17,000,000 a year for spraying poisons to combat the ravages of the potato bug, most of which could probably be saved if the law were invoked for the propagation and protection of bug-eating birds, for in the craw of a single quail killed in the state of Pennsylvania 127 potato bugs were found.

These are a few of thousands of instances proving the value of quail particularly as the farmer's fried in guarding and saving his crops, and in the face of such facts one course of action stands out clearly and that is, we must prevent the slaughter of quail.

We must seek legislation to protect these birds. We must have laws passed putting quail in the same class as robins flickers, meadow-larks, and other valuable bug-eating birds.

Our Superintendent Mr. H. P. Lincoln who is a great friend of birds life, suggests that farmers organizations discuss at their meetings, collectively and individually, appeal by petition and personally to their representatives in the State Senate and legislature, urging the immediate enactment of a law removing quail from the list of game birds and giving them the same protection the entire year as robins and the like.

It would be well, also, to enlist the influence of the State officers, and persons in your community who may not be affiliated with your organization. The saving of such great values from destruction every year is a great matter of tremendous importance and I am sure your worthy organization will heartily co-operate in the work.

Hoping this may have your early attention and that our mutual efforts may in due course bear fruit in the enactment of proper legislation along the lines suggested, I remain.

Respectfully yours,
A. E. GROVE,
Agent,
Penna. Railroad Co.

To Detect "Shoddy" in Wool.

Owing to its warmth, its ability to hold color and to keep its shape even with much hard wear, the richness of color which it takes on through dyes and the fineness of quality it imparts, wool is a most desirable material. The demand for wool fiber far exceeds the supply.

The result of this excessive demand, as explained by the home economics extension division of the Pennsylvania State College School of Agriculture and Experiment Station, is that a large proportion of woolen cloth on the market is manufactured from made-over wool or "shoddy." This term is applied to threads made from woolen rags and waste yarn which are worked back into yarn fiber and re-spun.

The yarn thus obtained may be of fairly good quality, the latter depending upon the materials used, but at the best the fibers are broken and materials thus made cannot have good wearing quality. "Shoddy," however, gives warmth at a lower price and is fairly satisfactory for a time. It has not the rich appearance nor the wear of the material made from best wool fibers. In the making of materials "shoddy" is combined with a good quality of wool or cotton, thus improving the wearing quality.

"Shoddy" can be detected only by a careful examination of the threads of the material. To gain skill in recognizing "shoddy" yarn, one should compare threads raveled from a sample of expensive wool material with threads from sample of cheap "all wool" material, under a microscope and note differences.

Worsted seldom contains "shoddy" because the fibers are so straightened in the carding that is difficult to conceal adulterations. These are therefore safer to buy than the rougher woolens.

Can't look well, eat well, or feel well with impure blood. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean, and good health is pretty sure to follow. $1.00 a bottle.

Out-Door Sleeping.

That which is looked upon as a fad today becomes the necessity of tomorrow. This is largely the case with out-door sleeping, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

With the beginning of the active campaign against tuberculosis but a few years or so ago, out-door sleeping was recommended for those suffering from tuberculosis and others whose general physical condition seemed to warrant it.

These pioneers were looked upon by their friends and neighbors with interest and they openly expressed belief that if they survived this exposure, which was doubtful, they would soon tire of the experiment anyhow. As a matter of fact there are a hundred open air sleepers today where there was one a decade ago and it is no longer limited to those who are in ill health.

All who have tried open air sleeping are enthusiastic about it and they constitute an ever growing group.

A sleeping porch is coming to be looked upon as an essential part of the home. Whole families have taken to sleeping in the open and have been so benefited by it that they would never consider anything else.

The proper garb to insure warmth despite the temperature is essential. With a warm room for dressing accessible there is no reason why this invigorating and stimulating custom should not continue to grow in popularity.

Many men and women who of necessity must spend their working hours indoors can obtain during their rest at night, at least a portion of the out-door air that Nature intended us all to have.

Sleeping porches can be constructed on the most modest homes at a comparatively small cost and in the majority of instances they can be guaranteed to save their cost in doctor bills. The change from sleeping in closed warm rooms to out-door sleeping must be brought about gradually, giving Nature time to meet the new conditions. The very old or very young demand more protection than the adult in the prime of life.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder William Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Elizabeth Keller to James Wilson, tract in Spring Twp.; $300.

Jacob Woodring, Exr., to John Orwick, tract in Worth Twp.; $565.

G. B. Thompson, et ux, to F. P. Yeager, tract in Patton Twp.; $650.

J. F. Smith, C. O. C., to Anna M. Goss, tract in Taylor Twp.; $310.

A. B. Lee, sheriff, to Charles Reese, tract in Taylor Twp.; $50.

Theo. G. Leathers, et ux, to Harriet Swab, tract in Howard Twp.; $400.

W. L. Woodcock, et ux, to Oscar L. Petzer, tract in Boggs Twp.; $1500.

J. M. Hartswick, et al, to Chas. C. Mesmer, tract in College Twp.; $301.50.

Henry Bryant, et ux, to Frances Coleman, tract in S. Philipsburg; $84.

A. B. Lee, sheriff, to W. G. Runkle, tract in Bellefonte; $400.

Imp. B. & L. Assn., to H. Emory Boyle, tract in Taylor Twp.; $600.

J. B. Mattern, et ux, to M. E. Church, Scotia, tract in Patton Twp.; $1.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to Larrie L. Houtz, tract in College Twp.; $200.

2yr. Contract with Pitt.

The University of Pittsburgh, and Pennsylvania State College football managements have entered into a two-year contract covering games at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, this coming fall and in 1917. Graduate Manager Ray H. Smith of State was in Pittsburgh recently and made arrangements for this. This action indicates the very good feeling between the two schools in athletics and the mutual confidence which exists. State has been a Thanksgiving Day attraction in the Steel City for the last decade and the sentiment at Pitt is that it shall occupy this prize position as long as this mutual good will exists.

Years ago, when State occupied a high place in athletics and was meeting all the large Eastern schools, while Pitt was comparatively new in these activities, having little prestige, State agreed to go to Pittsburgh for Thanksgiving Day games. Now that Pitt has advanced in position, her authorities are inclined to be appreciative.

The Pitt and State Freshmen will likely engage in an annual game each year in Pittsburgh also, contracts having been closed for November 25, the Saturday before Thanksgiving Day.

Lemuel Clark Dead.

Lemuel Clark, a Civil War Veteran and life-long resident of Blanchard, died early last Thursday morning from paralysis following an extended illness. On July 10, 1911, he narrowly escaped suffocation in a well and never enjoyed good health afterward. During the last year he was quite frail and required the constant care of an attendant. He was a member of the Baptist church of Blanchard, also of George Harleman Post, No. 302, G. A. R., of Blanchard. He is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. Claire Galbraith, of Blanchard.

Coal for WagonTrade.

The nearest and best Coal mined to wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W Crider.

ENGLISH LEGAL TERMS.

Use of Now Needless Synonyms Is a Thirteenth Century Legacy.

When the English courts of the thirteenth century desired to make it known that a man had been murdered they had to take into account the confusion of languages in England. Because every Englishman did not use the same word for "kill" it was necessary to rake the languages of Europe for synonyms in order that every wight in Albion, whatever his education or ancestry, might find at least one word which he understood.

And lawyers today retain all these Norman and Saxon synonyms. It is not enough that an indictment shall allege that a man was "unlawfully killed with a club," but that he was "unlawfully, feloniously, illegally, intentionally and diabolically killed, slain, done to death, murdered, slaughtered and beaten till he was dead, with a blunt instrument, club, stick, bludgeon, billy, cane, staff, stave or cudgel." If the bludgeon is left out the accused is set free. It is also necessary to use the words "thereupon" and "aforesaid" at least seven times apiece or the indictment is faulty.

The effort to purge the law of medieval inequalities and outworn theories of justice is almost as difficult as to modernize its language.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

STORY OF THE MISTLETOE.

A Curious Plant With a Curious Way of Making a Living.

Very curious are the ways of the mistletoe. The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some birds eat them freely.

Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time.

This seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which, indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap.

Now, the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.

Queer Collateral.

"Here is a fact as strange as it is true," said an Egyptologist. "Mummies in ancient Egypt were used chiefly as collateral.

"When an Egyptian wanted to borrow he gave his father's or grandfather's mummy as security. Sometimes if he required a large sum he gave his father and both grandfathers, and he would even throw in the mummy of his mother-in-law if she fortunately happened to be in a mummified state.

"Joking aside," the Egyptologist continued, "what I tell you is the truth. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without pledging the mummy of some near relative. It was deemed in Egypt both impious and infamous not to redeem so sacred a pledge as that, and he who died with a family mummy still in pawn was himself buried in unconsecrated ground."

Boroughs of Greater Nineveh.

The ruins of ancient Nineveh, on the Tigris river, are now fairly well determined. The north wall, extending due east from the river, was 7,000 feet long, the eastern wall was three miles long, the southern wall only 1,000 feet, while the western or river front extended for two and one-half miles along the Tigris. The actual extent of the city contained about 1,800 acres. But Greater Nineveh—compare Greater New York—was made up of a tetrapolis of four cities—Nineveh proper, Khorsabad, Calah and Keramils—which agrees with the dimensions given by Diodorus, the Greek historian, and fully justifies Jonah's path into the exceeding great city of three days' journey.—Christian Herald.

The Deceit of Man.

She was buying some birthday cigars for her husband, and the dealer sold her a box for 40 cents.

"Her husband will give you fits when he gets those," said a bystander to the cigar man.

"Oh, no, he won't," said the dealer placidly. "He told me to sell her those. His wife would divorce him if she knew he paid $5 a box for his cigars."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Pyramids.

The stones of the great pyramids are not laid with mortar. The great pieces of stone were evidently rubbed backward and forward upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated to each other, and so perfectly assimilated that to this day the breaks between them can hardly be discerned.—New York American.

Calculated.

Daughter—Do you think that painting looks like me, mother? Mother—The face does, but no one would ever guess that your gown cost your father a cold $1,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Quakers.

The term Quaker was first applied to the sect because of the founder's frequent use of the word "tremble" in his exhortations.—London Telegraph.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows. Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells. Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies.

All Kinds of Field Seeds

Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - Pa.

Propagation of Fish.

Some thirty or forty years ago the small mouth black bass craze swept over the State of Pennsylvania the same as it did over the New England States. Every one seemed to want bass, and it was found at that time that black bass multiplied very rapidly when introduced into new waters, and the result was that the black bass was introduced into our rivers and many of our inland lakes. The bass thrived for a number of years until practically all the food was devoured and then for lack of food and range they were forced to live upon each other, and in many instances, due to their environment, became a stunted race. To correct this mistake it is not so much the replenishing of these waters with large numbers of bass, but only the infusion of new blood into these waters, says State Fish Commissioner Buller.

On account of the difficulties met and the expense of propagating the small mouth bass in large numbers, the same as the Department is doing with the other species of fish, and retain them until they grow to a suitable size for planting, the fishermen should not apply for so many bass, but apply for fish to introduce into the bass streams which will replenish the food supply, namely, the minnow and frog. The Department does not expect to be able to rear bass in such large numbers for many years to come and if the fishermen will do as above stated they will see the wisdom of this, and also the good results will be noticeable.

Many of our inland lakes which afforded excellent pickerel, yellow perch and catfish fishing, after the introduction of the bass, the above named species were destroyed and in many instances very valuable trout lakes were ruined, which was entirely due to the craze for bass which swept over the State a number of years ago.

The list of other species of fish which Commissioner Buller recommends for general distribution, and which the Department propagates in large numbers are: brook trout, brown trout, yellow perch, blue-gill sunfish, wall eyed pike or Susquehanna salmon, pike perch, catfish, minnows and frogs.

Upon personal investigation made by Commissioner Buller of the streams for which many applications have been made for bass, the Commissioner found that it was not so much the bass which was needed in these particular streams, but food for the supply of bass which were already in the streams; in other words the minnow life which is so necessary as food in most of the streams was practically extinct. It was apparent from close observation that the bass were feeding on one another due to lack of range and lack of food supply and were, therefore, becoming stunted.

HELP THE KIDNEYS

Bellefonte Readers Are Learning The Way.

It's the little kidney ills—
The lame, weak or aching back—
The unnoticed urinary disorders—
That may lead to dropsy and Bright's disease.

When the kidneys are weak,
Help them with Doan's Kidney Pills,
A remedy especially for weak kidneys.
Doan's have been used in kidney troubles for 50 years.

Endorsed by 30,000 people—endorsed at home.

Proof in a Bellefonte citizen's statement.

Mrs. H. I. Taylor, 72 S. Water St., Bellefonte, says: "We think as highly of Doan's Kidney Pills now as we did some years ago when we publicly recommended them. They brought relief from backache and kidney trouble. On several occasions since then we have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and they have always been of the greatest benefit. We recommend them to other kidney sufferers at every opportunity."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Taylor twice recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Samuel Brien, F. H. Crafts, Davidson Lumber Co., Jack Freadman, Miss Mary Adeline Harris, Mrs. Sallie Shreffer, Mrs. L. C. Wilderson, Antonzio Filino. When called for please say advertised.

Advertise in "The Republican.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

Busby's Milk Food

How It Secured Its Position as a Prime Favorite

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Dennis Malony and his wife, Ellen, were taken ill about the same time.

Both being unable to earn anything, kind friends made up a purse for them and sent them articles that they needed. But Dennis recovered his health slowly and Ellen was a long while getting well. Finally both were able to be out again, though Dennis was hardly fit for work. So Ellen took the burden upon herself again and earned enough to keep the wolf from the door. After a while a baby was born to the couple, and the difficulty was enhanced not only by Ellen's being unable to go out to work, but by her not being able to nurse the little fellow. Milk must be purchased, and there was no money with which to buy it. The doctor who had attended Mrs. Malony, being loaded down with samples of prepared milk for babies, supplied some of the deficiency with these gratuitous preparations.

"How did you get 'em, doctor?" asked Dennis, puzzled.

"The manufacturers send them to me with the request that I recommend them."

In the sample cases came advertisements in great superfluity. Dennis read them and looked at the pictures of fat children that had been brought up on them with much interest. Little Dennis thrived on what the doctor gave his parents for awhile, then the supply was exhausted.

"What'll we do now, Ellen?" asked the husband, despairingly.

"I'll tell you, Dennis," replied Ellen. "We'll let 'em take a picture of the child and publish it for more milk."

"That's a good idea, Ellen; only I'm afraid Dennis isn't beautiful enough."

"Beautiful enough! What d'ye mean, Dennis? He's the most beautiful boy in the world."

Dennis had his doubts, however, for the baby resembled him, and he had never been called an Adonis.

"We haven't the money to pay for a picture to take to the men that makes the milk, Ellen."

"What'll we do?"

"There's a young fellow on the floor above that has a machine for takin' pictures. We'll get him to come down and take a photygraph of the baby, and I'll take the picture to the man that makes the milk, and mebby he'll give us a few bottles for it."

The young man on the floor above was appealed to. When he saw the baby he was surprised, for the boy was really not a prize infant. But, realizing that it would not be in good form to say so to the parents and being ready to photograph anything, beautiful or homely, he took the picture, and when it was developed the mother was in ecstasies over it and Dennis declared that even if the boy did resemble his father the picture was not so bad after all.

One morning the manager of Busby's milk food was sitting at his desk when Dennis, unannounced, approached and said:

"My little boy has been takin' your milk, and it's put ten pounds o' the finest flesh on to him ye ever seen. I'm thinkin' that ye might like to print his picture and send it out with your milk."

Dennis drew the photograph of his son and handed it to the manager, who looked at it and with difficulty suppressed a desire to laugh. Then glancing up at the proud father he asked, by way of chaffing him, what he wished for the right offered. Dennis replied that a few bottles of milk to keep the child alive was all he expected. This won the heart of the manager, for he was a kind man, and, calling for a dozen bottles of his prepared milk, he gave them to Dennis, telling him he would consider the proposition. With this he dismissed the happy Dennis, who went back to Ellen loaded down with milk enough to last till they could devise some other scheme to carry little Dennis farther on in his world's pilgrimage.

"I'm thinkin', Ellen," said Dennis the next morning, "that the reason Mr. Busby don't sell more of his milk s puttin' it into the papers is because on't know just how it helps the . I'm goin' to write an ad. meself it to him, givin' him the free for bein' so kind in givin' us ."

owe it to him, Dennis."

is sat down and after an hour's ork finished his task. This was he had written:

Busby's prepared milk is the finest lk for babies of all of 'em. If you on't believe it jist go and see Mrs. Dennis Malony, 75 West Ninety-fifth street, and see the fine child that has been brought up on it. The baby has ained a pound a day on it for a month a time and looks like a genuine lit angel that you see in oil paintings."

Dennis gave the advertisement to his wife to read, and she said he hadn't said half enough good things about the food. She suggested that he show it to Tom Murphy, the young man who had taken the baby's photograph, to see if it was all right. So Dennis took it upstairs, where he found Tom and asked him to edit his production. Tom, who had a keen sense of humor and was a bit of a wag, said it was a fine piece of work, but he thought it could be improved. Dennis asked how, and Tom said that if he would leave it with him overnight he would make some additions which he thought would render it more effective. Dennis was only too glad to do so, and as soon as he was gone Tom brought his genius to bear on it and produced the following:

"Busby's prepared milk food is made of the best buttermilk that can be procured in the market. The flavoring spices used in it are gathered on the shores of Hudson bay by the Indians. Its ivory whiteness is obtained not from any deleterious ingredients, but is distilled from myriads of white roses grown on the Busby farm under the superintendence of a graduate of an agricultural college. The fatty substances used in the food are obtained from the blubber of walruses shipped on trains running on the ice of Bering sea, thus preventing delay and insuring the delivery of the blubber in the best condition at the milk factory.

"Some rare instances of development of children using Busby's food are testified to by mothers. Charles Deitrich when seven months old weighed only twenty ounces. After taking a bottle of Busby's milk he gained so much in one night that in the morning his mother mistook him for the five-year-old son of her next door neighbor and sent him to his supposed home with a lump of sugar. At the end of a year, having drunk 200 bottles of Busby's, he had gained a pound a day.

"Benny Harkaway, who weighed only two pounds at birth, was blown about in every draft, keeping his mother in constant dread lest he be carried out of the window. Ten bottles of Busby's food gave him so much flesh that, his father having tossed him playfully, when the child came down was crushed by the enormous weight."

When this production was shown to Dennis he asked its author if it was not somewhat overdrawn.

"Overdrawn?" cried Tom. "Suppose it is! That's the art of writing an ad. If you write it in plain, unvarnished terms nobody will notice it. I'll guarantee that it will increase the sales of Busby's milk enormously."

"All right," replied Dennis, "I'll take it to Mr. Busby."

"I wouldn't do that," said Tom. "You had better insert it yourself. I'm a reporter for a newspaper, and I can get it put in at cut rates."

Dennis gave him a carte blanche to insert the ad. and went down to his wife to report what he had done, adding that he was going to make Mr Busby's fortune for him on account of his kindness in giving them the milk.

The baby's milk ran out one day, and Dennis, thinking that Mr. Busby might have heard from his advertisement and on account of increased sales be disposed to give him some more food, went to the gentleman's office and stood as before beside the desk.

"Mornin', sir," said Dennis.

The manager looked up from hundreds of letters and seeing the man to whom he had given some of his milk food asked him what he wanted.

"Have you heard from the advertisement?" asked Dennis.

"What advertisement?"

"The one that came out in the paper."

The manager looked at Dennis as if groping for something, then suddenly exclaimed:

"See here, my man, did you have anything to do with that game that was played on me in a statement got up to ruin my business?"

"No, sir; I put in an ad. at me own expense for the favor you done me for given me the milk for me little baby."

The manager stared at Dennis for a time, then said: "I don't know that it will do any harm after all. It may call attention to my goods." He took up a handful of letters from the pile on his desk and ran them over. One, evidently a lady who had never had children or run a dairy, wrote to know whether the cream was left on the buttermilk used in Busby's milk. Another, a nurse, entered a protest against using spices in baby's food. "I should think," she said, "that it would injure the child's stomach." A young man who said that he was a student of chemistry asked for the process by which the white substance was distilled from roses.

There were on the desk a number of comic papers containing illustrations of the marvelous developments of children who had been fed on Busby's milk. One was a picture of a very small man being crushed under an enormous baby; another, a drawing of a woman giving a fat child a lump of sugar, while beneath were the words, "Now run home to your mother." There were numerous letters from advertising agents and advertisers asking for the name and address of the person who had invented the clever scheme for attracting attention to Busby's milk food, and one man who was about to put a patent washing machine on the market offered $500 a month for the services of one who had so cleverly drawn the public attention to Busby's milk.

Dennis went home with all the milk he needed for the baby for a month, and the next week Mr. Busby sent for him and, after telling him that he was run down with orders for his milk food, gave him a permanent job as caretaker of the milk depot, with double wages.

Finally the perpetrator of the joke came in for his share of the profits, for the offer that had been received to write advertisements was forwarded to him, and he accepted it.

Dennis Malony has since made a good living, and his wife has brought up a large family of children on Busby's milk, which has become the prime favorite, outselling all other children's foods.

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Things That Are Mere Comforts Now Used to Be Luxuries.

No economist has put enough emphasis on the fact that if the cost of living is higher now it is to a large extent because the average man is demanding more comforts and luxuries, and these must cost more. Before the days of plumbing and bathrooms the workman missed some onerous bills, but he is not ready to throw the plumbing out of the house.

Oil is cheaper for light than electricity, but people pay more for a modern light because they want the better service even at the higher prices. Workmen by the thousands have phonographs, a form of entertainment unknown until a very few years ago.

Even street cars are rather a new thing, and the poorest families spend many dollars every year for this service, which has become indispensable. Magazines are purchased now by many people who ten years ago had never subscribed for such a publication.

Thousands of articles are for sale in every department store, of which a large percentage are purchased at some time or other by the average wage earning family.

Modern living does cost more assuredly, but it also yields more.—Milwaukee Journal.

SPEED OF A STAR.

With a Thought That Points a Moral to Impatient Humanity.

There is a star—a reddish star known as Arcturus—that is traveling at the rate of 150 miles a second, and what is interesting about it is it is coming this way and will come for many years, but it is so far away that it doesn't seem to have any motion at all. It is in exactly the same spot, so far as our vision is concerned, where it was a century ago.

There is another star known as the "runaway" whose speed is twice that of Arcturus—that is, it could sweep across Ohio in a second of time.

We refer to this fact that the gentle reader may understand how insignificant are the little concerns of life that tear his patience into tatters and turn the world into woe. Long after he has gone Arcturus will be traveling 150 miles a second and to all appearances not budging an inch. How modest and patient should this touch of near infinity make us all! And yet, as Tennyson says:

We cannot be kind to each other here for an hour
We whisper and hint, and chuckle and grin at a brother's shame.
However, we brave it out; we men are a little breed.

—Columbus Journal.

Saves the Tires.

He doesn't look like a very important part of a big automobile organization, this stooped, grizzled man, but the president of a great motorcar company says that "Magnet Bill" saves his salary a dozen times over every day he works. Rain or shine, summer or winter "Magnet Bill" may be seen walking slowly about the automobile plant, his eyes on the ground. "Magnet Bill" gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of one tin bucket and a big steel magnet strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tires by removing from the roadway every nail and bit of metal that might cause a puncture. Thousands of cars are run over the roadway to the testing place, and it is figured that without the precaution taken by "Magnet Bill" the cost for cut and punctured tires would be $20,000 every year.—Popular Science Monthly and World's Advance.

Origin of a Japanese Dance.

The origin of the Kume-uta, the dance performed at the coronation of the mikado, is traced to Jimmu Tenno, an early hero, who while on his eastern expedition found a certain chieftain called Tsuchigumo most obstinate in his resistance and unsubduable. Thereupon he ordered O Kume Nushino Mikoto to entice out the chieftain, to whom sake was offered and dances were shown, with the result that finally he was overcome and slain. The descendants of O Kume Nushino Mikoto put this fact into songs and music, from which sprang the dance.—Argonaut.

From the Ship's Well.

An old lady on board a vessel observed two sailors pumping up water to wash the decks, and, the captain being near, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, captain, so you've got a well aboard, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am; always carry one," said the polite captain.

"Well, that's clever. It's so much better than the nasty sea water, which I always dislike so."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fate of a Duchess.

We have had excellent morals drawn from the substantial waist of the Venus of Milo for the admonition of the fashionable woman. But what can we say about the Duchess de Mazarin, who (G. Duval tells us in "Shadows of Old Paris") "died in 1775 from tight lacing, although she had posed for a statue of Venus?"

Exactly So.

"The doctor knows I hate camphor."

"So?"

"Yet first he made me sniff it, and now he has prescribed it as a liniment."

"I call that rubbing it in."—Kansas City Journal.

The best way to live is to cast away troubles and contentions, which cannot be cured by fretting.

TABITHA'S TONGUE

A Woman's Privilege Is to Change Her Mind

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Tabitha Trotter folded up her sewing and went home the ladies of the Farther Light Missionary circle sighed unanimously.

"No one speak, please," whispered Mrs. Ames, "the silence is so blessed!"

Then they all laughed and tongues wagged.

"Did you ever hear any one run on so?"

"Tabby Trotter never did let a body get a word in edgewise!"

"There's no interrupting her either."

"I think one who lives alone is apt to talk much more when among people than those whose families act as safety valves." The minister's wife spoke defensively of the absent member.

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Ames. "Be that as it may, I know Tabby was a chatterbox when she was a child, and it's a habit that can't be broken now."

"We are all glad to hear the news," defended Mrs. Berry, the minister's wife. "And Tabitha never repeats scandal, and she doesn't say anything unkind."

"I know one thing," asserted Mrs. Ames, looking around at the interested women. "I know that Tabby's tongue cost her a husband!"

"Sally Ames!" gasped a dozen voices.

"It's a fact. You remember that man who bought the Allen place—Martin is the name. When he came four years ago he was quite attracted to Tabby. She was so tickled over his attentions that she talked him most to death. I heard say that he compared her to a phonograph; said he could buy a talking machine and shut it off when he was tired! Of course he couldn't do that with a wife."

A slight smile greeted this story, but Mrs. Berry's face wore a displeased look.

"Tabitha was well rid of any man who would speak so of a woman," she said sternly.

Mrs. Ames looked uncomfortable. How was she to explain that David Martin never actually had said those words? What she had repeated was a conversation which had taken place at her own table between members of her family, and in the repetition she had made a better "story" by crediting David Martin with the remarks.

The Farther Light circle broke up and went home—that is, all of them dispersed to their homes and the preparation of supper excepting Miss Fanny Bond. Miss Bond turned in at Tabby Trotter's gate and went around to the side door.

"I'm telling you as a friend," said Fanny in a scared tone as she got up to leave, for already she was regretting having repeated Mrs. Ames' idle gossip—"I'm telling you because you're my friend."

Tabby Trotter's round, rosy face paled, and her blue eyes became very hard and cold.

"Thank you, Fan," she said slowly. "You are a good friend." And the laugh which followed the remark sent Miss Bond hurrying home feeling like the sneak which she was.

"Is that how he explained it?" thought Tabitha.

And all the rest of the evening Tabby went silently about the house. The song which was ever on her sweet lips was stilled. In silence she went to and fro and at last to bed.

Tabby Trotter's tongue certainly was still that evening.

The next day Mrs. Ames happened into Tabby's kitchen.

"I want to borrow some eggs. I don't know what's got into my hens," she explained, sitting down by a sunny window.

"How many?" asked Tabby.

"A dozen will do if you can spare 'em."

"Certainly."

Sally Ames took her little basket of eggs and set it on the floor beside her chair. "What's the news, Tabby?"

Tabby was making sugar cookies. She deftly rolled out a sheet of yellow dough and cut out the circles with a star shaped cutter.

"What's the news?" repeated Mrs. Ames.

"Haven't heard any," said Miss Trotter.

"I thought perhaps you'd heard when Annie Smith was going to be married. I heard she was making pillow cases."

"Haven't heard," said Tabby tersely.

"What's the matter with you, Tabby?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is."

"Why?"

"You don't say much. You're mad about something, Tabby Trotter."

"I'm not mad. I'm glad."

Mrs. Ames picked up her basket and opened the door.

"Come and see me when you've got time," she called back. "I'll want to hear all about your cousin Ellen's operation."

"H'm!" responded Tabby in a noncommittal manner.

Sally Ames hurried home much perturbed.

At the dinner table her family marked her preoccupation of mind and made inquiry.

"Oh, law!" she sighed, "I don't know what's come to Tabby Trotter. She's close mouthed as can be. Can't get a word out of her!"

Her husband laughed indulgently.

"That's like you, Sally. The other day you complained because she talked too much. Tabby's a cheerful little soul."

At that moment Tabby looked anything but cheerful as she sat on her back doorstep sewing. Once in awhile her gaze shifted from her work to the quiet bay which lapped the sand beyond the back fence. On the sand was a rowboat tied to a stake.

Out on the bay a motorboat chugged slowly from shore to shore. With her eyes closed Tabby could have told you that it was David Martin's boat and that he was in it, perhaps going over to the village for supplies and the mail, for David's place was on a neck of land jutting into the harbor, and the shortest way to the village was by water rather than by the highroad.

The boat vanished around a point of land, and Tabby's needle stopped flying to and fro. A tear dropped, and then another, and another fell unheeded on the white seam.

The chickens that loved the sound of Tabby's voice stood aloof, wondering. Her black cat purred questions that remained unanswered.

A saucy catbird in the blackberry bushes that was wont to hold animated conversations with little Miss Trotter challenged her in vain while he tilted to and fro on a twig.

"Tabby Trotter crying?" they all seemed to ask. "Why, she is the most cheerful friend we have hereabouts. Tabby never cries."

After that every one noticed a great change in Tabby Trotter. She became very silent. She rarely spoke except in monosyllables, and her friends wondered what had happened.

They missed the pleasant cheeriness of her voice. As Mrs. Berry remarked one day at a Farther Lights meeting: "I'd rather hear Tabitha talk too much than not at all. I miss her merry tongue. I hope no one has been so unkind as to repeat what Mrs. Ames said about her."

Sally Ames looked uncomfortable, and Fanny Bond blushed fiery red.

But no one answered the remark.

"It's Fanny Bond's work," thought the minister's wife resentfully.

A few weeks later there came a fierce summer storm that lashed the harbor into a fury of whitecapped waves and bent the trees to the ground.

As darkness came on Tabitha lighted many lamps to make her room cheerful, and, opening her old piano, she poured out her long repressed feelings in song after song.

Once as she paused to turn over the sheets of music the storm beat in greater fury against the glass doors. The waves thundered on the beach.

"My tongue won't trouble any one tonight," she thought bitterly. "No one can hear me above the storm."

But Tabitha was mistaken. Out on the bay a motorboat battled helplessly with the waves. The engine had been flooded and was quite useless. David Martin grasped the spare oar, and, paddling with one hand, he tried to bale out the boat with the other, all the while keeping an anxious eye on the pall of darkness.

But no answering gleam of light rewarded his watchfulness. Blackness all around, overhead and beneath.

Back of him somewhere was the narrow channel that led into the sound. The tide was pulling him around. Death awaited him on the jagged rocks, where the water swept like a millrace.

"If I could make out Trotter's point and get in the lee of it I would be all right," he panted, for, strong man that he was, David was feeling the strain.

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm, and on the silence floated a woman's voice singing "Nancy Lee" in a wild abandon that seemed to defy the storm.

"Tabitha's blessed voice!" muttered David, bringing the boat about so that the voice was on his starboard quarter. "There! Lights! They must be her house. She will not mind if I land there, even if she doesn't want to marry me!"

Again the storm broke over him, and darkness blotted out the lights, but only momentarily. Every now and then he glimpsed the lights in Tabitha's windows until at last, spent and worn, he felt the boat lifted high on a wave and flung crashing on the beach beneath the lights.

Before he fainted David uttered a feeble shout.

Tabitha heard David's cry. Love's ears are keen, and she had loved David Martin even while she refused to marry him, believing that she loved her freedom better. But when she learned through Fanny Bond that David had said Tabitha talked too much for a wife Tabitha had tried to kill her love for him and failed, oh, so forlornly!

David opened his eyes on Tabitha's sitting room floor in front of a blazing log fire. Tabitha knelt beside him, pulling off the wet oilskins on her speckless carpet. Tears were running down her rosy cheeks.

David smiled and got up.

"Don't cry about me, Tabby, dear," he whispered.

"I can't help it," sobbed Tabitha.

"Smile, then. You saved my life. The sound of your blessed voice—well, you know I love it. You're such a cheery little thing."

Tabitha's tears stopped flowing.

So David really liked to hear her talk! All the doubt and suspicion fled forever, leaving faith and trust.

"If you can get along with my tongue, David," she whispered, "I've changed my mind."

David whirled her into a wet embrace.

"Bless the child! Isn't it a woman's privilege to change her mind and rattle her tongue?" And for obvious reasons Tabby could not answer him.

SWORDS OF JAPAN.

Religious Rites In Their Making and a Final Blessing.

That the Japanese are past masters in the art of sword making is proved by the splendid weapons, equal to those of Toledo and Damascus, which they turn out. The actual methods of sword making in Japan are jealously guarded, an extraordinary feature of the industry being the religous ceremony which accompanies every process of their manufacture. The walls of every sword making shop in Japan will be found to be covered with allegorical representations of the sword makers and the chief goddess of the Shintos.

Evil spirits are kept away by charms consisting of bits of paper and wisps of straw, while, should any woman enter the shop, disaster would certainly come to the swords that are being made and to their wielders. Consequently women are absolutely debarred from entering business as sword makers, while not only is prayer offered up before the work begins, but various religious rites peculiar to the Japanese are performed in order that the swords, when finally completed, may be said to have been well and truly made.

Even the final processes of polishing and sharpening are characterized by certain religious ceremonies, and finally the weapons are offered, one by one, to the sword god to be blessed. This ceremony consists in placing the swords in front of the goddess of the Shintos on the wall, with an offering of sake, rice and sweetmeats, after which prayer scrolls are read and blessing upon the work is invoked.—Pearson's Weekly.

KEEP IN HARNESS.

Why It Is Dangerous to Retire From Active Work.

In Farm and Fireside Dr. David E. Spahr gives some advice to workers who are planning to retire from their callings and enjoy a peaceful old age.

"The abrupt change from an active member of the producing class to an idle member of the consuming class," he says, "is too much for a man who is facing the setting sun. And just here is the excuse and reason for this article. I want to sound a note of warning to those contemplating such a move—'Safety first.

"For a man in declining life whose arteries are already beginning to harden from indulging in rich and stimulating food the change should be made gradually, allowing his system to accustom itself gradually to the changed conditions. A lessened amount of rich and stimulating food should be indulged in. Regular hours must be maintained, regular exercises that will bring into play and actively all the different muscles of the body in order to insure the elimination of the waste products of the body.

"A sedentary life, inactive and purposeless, with nothing to live for, no object in view but to live and eat and wait and waste away, with a lessened income and greater expense, with more and greater demand upon the purse strings—how great the temptation to become restless, nervous and irritable."

Tires Must Be Matched.

The Scientific American calls attention to a common cause of rear axle troubles, the same being the variation in diameter of different makes of tires. Though these are theoretically 34 by 4 inches, in practice they vary as much as half an inch and sometimes even more. Some of the results of the use of odd tires are oil leaking from the rear axle case and the brake drum of the wheel with the smaller tire, difficulties in steering and tires wearing unevenly. The moral, of course, is that tires of the same type and make should be used on wheels of the same axle.

Hugo and His Disciple.

A young man, an admirer of the great poet, attended one of Victor Hugo's receptions, became engaged in argument and lost his temper. Hugo solemnly rebuked him, and he subsided. Presently the guests retired. One of them, however, had forgotten his umbrella and returned to get it. Looking through an open door from the vestibule, he perceived the young man on his knees before the poet, sobbing out his apologies for his disrespect, while Victor Hugo, with almost regal dignity, extended his hand to him and bade him rise.

R. L. Stevenson and Women.

It may perhaps be recalled that it was to the late Dr. Trudeau that Stevenson once admitted that he felt he had been rash when he promised a lady over the dinner table that he would put a real woman into his next book. "I've often wondered, Stevenson," said the doctor, "but never thought to ask, why do you never put a real woman in a story?" "Good heavens, Trudeau," was the reply, "when I have tried I find she talks like a grenadier!"—Westminster Gazette.

Only a Poser.

"He isn't a true Bohemian," said the poet. "He's a poseur."

"How do you know?" asked the artist.

"Huh!" snorted the poet, with fine scorn. "I don't believe he owes a cent in the world!"—Dallas News.

What They All Hope.

"I understand your daughter is learning to cook."

"Yes, she's learning, but she says she hopes it will be a trade she'll never have to work at."—Detroit Free Press.

Suburban Life.

"We are just like one big family in our suburb."

"Is the scrapping that bad?"—Pittsburgh Post.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 27, 1916

CHARLES E. HOPWORTH, - Ed. & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

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One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
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Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

Argentine exports of beef for the week before Christmas were 40,363 quarters, of which the United States received 27,649, and from which the Federal Treasury received not a cent of revenue.

"The ship purchase bill was proposed in good faith to meet war conditions", says a Democratic defender of President Wilson's government ownership measure. "Had it been promptly passed a great deal more deep sea tonnage would now be available".

Look at your pocket knife. If it has "Germany" stamped on it, it is an argument for a protective tariff. Formerly Germany bought pocket knives in Sheffield, England, but put on a tariff and thereafter not only made them in her own factories but shipped them al over the world.

Is that so? Now just tell us what ships would be available that are not now available. Name one ship that is idle now but would be carrying freight if purchased by the Government. Please name one ship owner who is letting his ships lie rotting at the docks while all this profitable business is clamoring for ocean transportation. "Proposed in good faith, indeed.

After a cut of 40 per cent in the tariff, by the Underwood Act, and with 68 per cent of all goods now coming in free of duty, the Bureau of Labor finds that on 340 "representative commodities" there was a reduction in 1914 below 1913 of nearly one per cent in the cost, and even this statement is not borne out by the reports of various private statistical bureaus on the subject.

The play which the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is making for the honor of being the only genuine, simon-pure tariff commission is apt to result in a taste of the White House birch for the little Pratt boy, if he is not careful. Our President and pedagogue has twice informed us that he himself fixed it so that the functions of a tariff commission should come within the purview of the Federal Trade Commission, and that ought to settle the matter during this Administration. Dr. Pratt should not let ambition mock his useless toil.

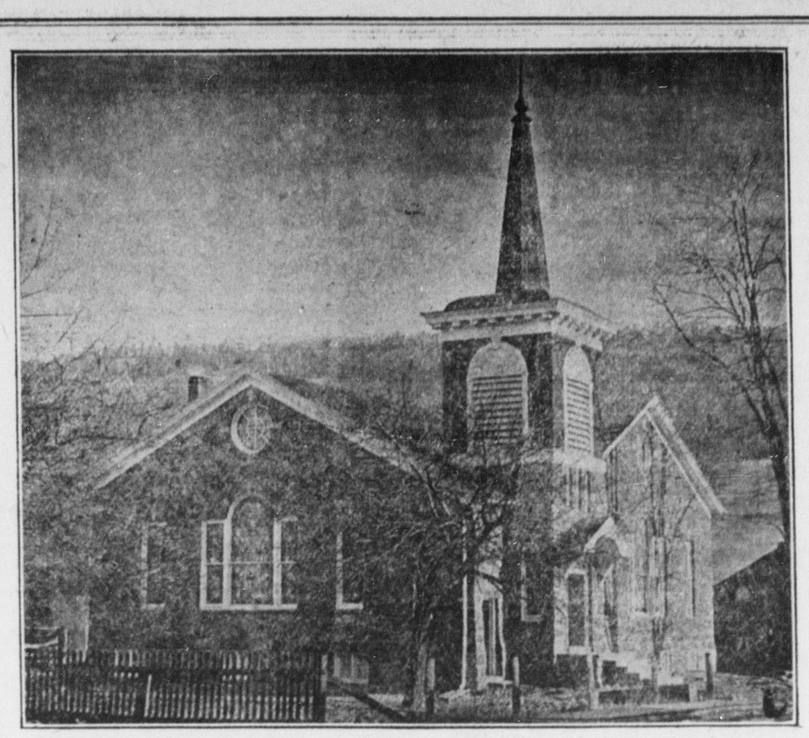
"The country should bear in mind that when the present revenue system was inaugurated the ordinary expenditures of the Government for that fiscal year (1912) amounted to $654,553,693. Every year since that time the exigencies of the Government have required increased expenditures, until today it is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury that for the next fiscal year (1916) the ordinary expenditures of the Government, exclusive of any additional preparedness for war purposes, will amount to $741,891,000 or $87,337,037 in excess of the ordinary expenditures of the Government the year the present revenue law was enacted." From Senator Oscar Underwood's speech in the Senate, defending his tariff law.

"We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic government and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people." From the Democratic platform of 1912.

A Week of Services.

Services will be held in the Reformed church at Boalsburg beginning February 1st and ending February 6th with a Communion service. During the week the following ministers will preach. Tuesday, Rev. Mr. Courtney, of the Lutheran church; Wednesday, Rev. H. H. Hartman, of Mifflinburg; Thursday, Rev. W. E. Hare, of Lock Haven; Friday Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, of Bellefonte. Everybody is invited to attend these services.

REV. S. C. STOVER, Pastor.



Port Matilda Methodist Episcopal Church to be Dedicated January 30th.

READY FOR DEDICATION

(Continued from first page)

church interior is finished in white sand plaster, and white enamel and dark oak. The seats are finished in dark oak and were supplied by the Dittmar Furniture Company, of Williamsport. The edifice is heated by hot air supplied from a twin furnace. On account of cold weather the basement has not been finished, but this is in the plan for the coming summer.

Both pastor and flock are proud of this beautiful temple and are sure their memory will long have a place for its sacredness. They are none the less proud of the loyalty and sacrifices of their home people. On their generosity and assurances has been built a church that will cost when it is entirely completed about $6000.

At the beginning of this conference year there was in cash for the project about $680.00, and a little over $1000.00 in subscriptions. Since that date there has been received more than $2500.00 in cash, and with pledges for nearly $700.00 more, leaving a balance uncovered of about $2300.00. The church members expect to gain the day and beat down the debt on dedication day.

Ancient Britons' Sweet Tooth.

Mention of the German custom of eating a compote of wild strawberries with roast pork reminds us that our ancestors in England had a decidedly sweeter tooth than we have. In Tudor times it was the general practice to pour honey over the meat, and, indeed, honey or sugar was used in so many dishes (to say nothing of being mingled with the wine) that it is on record that the teeth of most people were black in consequence. Most of our ancestors' dishes would be too rich for us today, for surely even the most accomplished diner out would shrink from oysters stewed in wine, pigeons stuffed with gooseberries, grapes boiled in butter and mutton stuffed with oysters! —London Tit-Bits.

Very Unkind.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the manager before the curtain, "it is my unpleasant duty to inform you that Mr. Dust, the star comedian, owing to illness, will not be able to appear tonight. His system has had a very severe shock, and he is suffering from nervous prostration."

"Wot's the matter?" shouted a voice from the gallery. "Did yer pay him in advance?"—London Mail.

Pessimistic.

"I paid the butcher's bill in full today, dearie," said the lady of the house.

"No wonder the steak is tough," grumbled her husband. "You've got to keep those fellows guessing if you want to get good meat."—Buffalo News.

Terrors.

Bug originally meant a goblin. The Welsh word bug signifies ghost. The Hebrew word, which in Psalm xci, 5, is represented by terror, was in the early translations rendered bug, the verse reading, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night."

His Feat.

"Did you hear about that deaf mute at the wagon factory?"

"No."

"He picked up a wheel and spoke."

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is a senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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The Kokuro Vase

How It Established a Man's Good Name

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"It is understood that I purchase the house as it stands now, with all of its contents," warned John Day, as he sat in the office of the Japanese agent.

The Japanese bowed deferentially.

"Yes, Mr. Day, it shall be as you desire. My clerk has made an inventory of the contents of the Tatsayo house, and you will find that not even a shoji is out of place or a kakemono missing from the walls."

John Day nodded approval, and before the day closed he found himself the owner of the Tokyo residence of the late Henry Burdick, a self exiled American, whom he had known many years ago in the United States.

The house sat back from the street perhaps a hundred feet and was surrounded by a high stone wall without a door or any other sign of entrance to break its rough surface.

At the end of the wall was a red lacquered gate that led into a narrow lane bordered on either side by bamboos, whose feathery tops interlaced and formed a pale green roof overhead.

Halfway down this lane of bamboos was a door set in the wall leading straight into the garden of the house purchased by John Day. This was the main entrance and led up a flower bordered path to the veranda of the house.

Farther down the lane there was another door in the wall that gave entrance to the kitchen gardens and the servants' quarters.

The Tatsayo house, as the place was called in reference to the original builder and owner of the pretty residence, was now the home of John Day.

On that first evening spent in his new home Day wandered from one room to another with the inventory in his hands, checking off the contents of each apartment, until he felt assured that since the day of Henry Burdick's death not one article had been disturbed.

Henry Burdick's will had been a brief one. It directed that the house he sold and the proceeds, together with certain securities, be given to his relatives in New England. To John Day's surprise, he found himself named as an executor of the will.

It was a surprise because he and Henry Burdick were bitter enemies and had been ever since Day had discovered that Henry Burdick had deeply wronged him in a business matter and fled to Japan. Day's appearance in Tokyo a few days before Burdick's death was purely accidental, and he did not know that Burdick was aware of his presence. But the hastily drawn will and naming of Day as an executor gave color to his suspicion that Burdick had known of his presence in the Japanese capital and for some reason had desired to bring him in close touch with his affairs.

In their youth these two men had both been employed by the same firm of jewelers. A magnificent diamond was missed from the safe, and suspicion was divided between John Day and Henry Burdick. Burdick managed to clear himself of blame, but John Day was judged guilty by his firm, but permitted to remain with it and repay the value of the missing gem.

By denying himself of everything, even the barest necessaries, by remaining unmarried and devoting himself entirely to earning and saving money to pay back something which he had never taken, John Day had worked for twenty years. And now, forty-five years old, he found himself clear of debt to the jewelry firm of which he had been elected an honored member and was taking a well earned vacation and a trip around the world. It was a strange coincidence that landed him in Tokyo a few days before Henry Burdick's death, and that brought him into close touch with the affairs of the man who had deeply wronged him, for Day had always believed Burdick guilty.

"If Burdick had that diamond and never disposed of it, and I can find no trace of it in any of the markets of the world, then it is either untouched among his possessions or else he dropped it in midocean," mused John Day as he completed the inventory of the contents of the house.

He was strongly of the opinion that Burdick had concealed the diamond somewhere in the house, trusting to John Day to discover it and thus, in a fashion, right the great wrong that had been done.

The drawing room of the house was the most promising place, for it was furnished in a style that combined the rich simplicity of the orient with all the comforts of the occident.

John Day lingered long in this room before he went into the library adjoining. This room was a replica of the other, save that the walls were lined with bookshelves, which were burdened with curios.

Here Henry Burdick had spent many hours, and this was the room which must have witnessed his remorse if he had ever felt any for the dishonor he had brought upon John Day.

John Day touched a bell and summoned the house boy. It happened that he had been fortunate enough to engage the same faithful Japanese who had served Henry Burdick during his long residence in Tokyo.

"Hatsu," began John Day, looking keenly at the impassive face of the oriental, "I wish to ask you a few questions concerning the last hours of your late master, Mr. Burdick."

"Yes, honorable," returned the man, but Day fancied that the impassivity of his face was broken by a quiver of surprise.

"Did Mr. Burdick appear to be particularly concerned about any matter? Was he troubled in mind?"

"He had that appearance," returned Hatsu cautiously, after long thought.

"In what way?" asked Day sharply.

"He talked much to himself, and he was usually a silent man," said Hatsu thoughtfully. "One day, the very day he passed out into the hands of the gods, I found him wandering about the rooms, looking into hole and corner, and he was muttering words."

"What words?"

"I could not make for sure, honorable," returned the man after another interval of thought, "but it seemed that he wished to hide something, for he said over and over that he must conceal it, yet it must be found. 'Hidden and found, hidden and found,' those were his words.

"I was alarmed at his behavior, and I ran out for help. When I returned he was stretched on the floor of this room senseless, and it was later in the day that he died without a word."

"And you found nothing in the room—the thing that he might have tried to conceal?" questioned Day.

"Nothing, excellency," returned Hatsu.

Day dismissed him, and later in the evening when all the servants had retired to their quarters John Day made an exhaustive search of the house. He left the library till the last, and it was long after midnight when he turned into that dimly lighted room.

He looked around.

Where would he conceal a large diamond as big as a hazel nut if he had been minded to conceal such a gem?

Under the rugs? Within the vases? In a niche of the carving? Within that grinning idol?

There were a score of places to choose from.

He began with the rugs, groping carefully over every inch of their surface for the missing stone.

The rugs refused to divulge the secret.

Then the innumerable curios. The grinning idol when shaken gave back a dust of sandalwood and a smell of joss sticks. The ivory elephant refused to offer any hiding place.

The Kokuro vase on the mantelpiece—

John Day looked at its graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have entered that tiny orifice, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a bent form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of—Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardener peering in.

Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, marveled at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained silent on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he went upstairs to his own bedroom and locked every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of his trunk. When he unwrapped the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside it was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it highly. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

HIS COOK WAS LOYAL.

He Stuck by Prince Buelow and Won the Title "Misery."

Some years ago, when Prince Buelow was retiring from the ambassadorship at Rome to return home and take up the post of chancellor of the German empire, he summoned his cook, a veritable cordon bleu, to tell him of the change. "We shall not live in our present grand style," he said, "but on a much smaller scale. Perhaps, therefore, you would prefer to find another place."

The cook, doubtless imagining that financial disaster was impending, remained silent for a few moments, then, with the air of one about to perform a sympathetic act, replied: "Well, excellency, I am grieved at hearing such melancholy news, but I shall remain in your service. Whatever may happen to you, I would not for worlds have it said I had deserted you in your time of misery."

At dinner one evening the prince told the story to the kaiser, who had had personal experience of the culinary chef's skill, and was highly amused at the prince's anecdote. So interested, indeed, did the emperor feel in the cook that shortly afterward he sent the worthy fellow a handsome gold watch, on the lid of which was engraved the one word "Misery," by which name his majesty ever afterward laughingly spoke of and addressed him.—Dundee Advertiser.

The Pedestrian Servians.

All Servian peasants are great walkers. A servant, given a short leave, will think nothing of footing it to his home, five and twenty miles off, and walking back after a short day spent with his family. It is quite in the ordinary way of their business for both men and women to be two days on the road to market.—London Chronicle.

--- STARTING ---

Wednesday, January 26th

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RUBIN and RUBIN

Harrisburg's Leading Eye Specialists will be at

Krumrine's Drug Store - Bellefonte
Mason's Drug Store - Lock Haven

EYES EXAMINED FREE

GOOD GLASSES

AS LOW AS $1.00

Special attention to school children. Careful attention to nervous people. For the convenience of those who cannot come during the day, they will be at the drug store until 9 o'clock in the evenings.

Don't Forget - Janary 26 Until February 2

Got some money for Xmas, didn't you? Don't you think you'd better get something for it that will last you for many many years? Jewelry and Silverware will do it.

Think It Over.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

iss Sue Heaton is visiting in Belle e.

iss Chrissie Emenhizer, of Bellefonte, at Sunday with her parents, Mr. and . Wesley Emenhizer.

iss Mary Yorks is ill with the grip.

Miss Grace Shenck spent Sunday in oward.

Misses Bernice Dukeman and Adeline luger, of Curtin, Sundayed with Mr. nd Mrs. Bryan

Miss Besse Miles attended Local Insti- ute in Howard on Sunday.

E. C. Miles, of Tyrone, spent Sunday in the burg.

Alma Shroyer is visiting his sister in Osceola.

Lost—Saturday evening, January 15th, going Milesburg to the P. R. R. depot, a small black pocketbook containing $15. A liberal reward will be given if returned to Miss Margaret Zimmerman.

Howard Spear spent Sunday in Curtin.

Lloyd Harvey spent Sunday with his parents in Howard.

Misses Sue Bathurst and Laora Griffith, of Curtin, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stanley.

Mrs. Jacob Snyder is in the Altoona Hospital for treatment for stomach trouble.

Miss Marion Dukeman visited Sunday with Miss Pearl Bryan.

Mrs. Miller, who has been ill for some time, was taken to the Bellefonte Hospital, on Monday.

Mrs. H. White spent Saturday with friends in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Heaton left Saturday for Philadelphia, where Mrs. Heaton will enter the Wills Eye Hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Bruce Peters is visiting in Jersey Shore.

Ralph Garman, of Stormstown, visited with Mr. and Mrs. James McMullen on Sunday.

Leroy Spicer was ill with the grip during the past week.

Miss Rose Haupt spent Friday in State College.

Miss Mabel Spicer visited her sister, Mrs. Don Gilbert, during the past week.

Bruce Wallace returned home Saturday from Spring Mills.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Fillmore, spent Sunday at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Shultz and children, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Shultz.

Allen Heaton is visiting his brother, Fred in Tyrone.

Miss Rebecca Miles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miles, is ill with diphtheria.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robison and family spent Sunday in Howard.

Mrs. Elsie Markley, of North Bessemer, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Eddy Zimmerman.

Miss Lillian Miles spent the week-end in Howard.

Harry Janet was a business visitor in Lock Haven recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Brint Wallace, of Bellefonte, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wallace.

Jacob Snyder spent Sunday in Tyrone.

Robert Cummings, of Lock Haven, spent Sunday with Mrs. Jane Shultz.

Mrs. Williams, of Salona, is visiting her son, R. R. Williams.

Miss Inez Bartley, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Shope Sundayed with friends in Orviston.

Mrs. Thomas Murphy and children, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Lee Green, of Lenore, spent part of the week with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Emenhizer, of Coleville, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Edward Funk, of Curtin, visited on Sunday at the home of Edward Spear.

Miss Adeline Leathers, of Rock View visited her sister, Mrs. George Bryan over Sunday.

Mrs. L. R. Woodring returned home Thursday from Harrisburg.

Mrs. William Gingher is on the sick by h he d babies. and take use of it the milk. Chicken pox, whooping cough grip and sore throat are holding reign over our town. Many of the school children are affected

"We Denn hard w what "

Mrs. Wesley Cartright spent Tuesday in Bellefonte.

Mrs. John Miller, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. L. Fryebarger, of Altoona, were called here on account of the serious illness of their sister, Mrs. De Garmo.

The wedding bells have rung again. Mr. Paul Gingher and Miss Hilda Bryan, of Curtin, were married on Saturday evening January 22d. Two weddings in one week is going some for Milesburg. The question now is: Who will it be next Saturday evening? It is reported that there are 16 more couples in and around town who are to be married in this year.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Howard.

A HOME SONG

I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
You'll find, where'er you roam,
Yes that is true; and something more
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.
But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home sweet home;
For there the heart can rest.
HENRY VANDYKE.

Mrs. Peter Robb, of Lock Haven, spent several days with relatives and friends here last week.

George Thompson, of Orviston, was a guest Friday and Saturday with his grandfather, H. C. Holter; also looked his new aunt over.

Jake Weirick, of Altoona, was here on Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Weirick.

Mrs. William Weber and Mrs. Walter Kurtz were Bellefonte shoppers Saturday.

Miss Olive Gardner, of Blanchard, attended the Local Institute and was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons.

Miss Pearl Confer was a Bellefonte shopper Saturday.

Albert Butler, of Renovo, spent a few days last week with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of Lock Haven, were Sunday evening guests at the I. R. Williams home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Confer and two children, of Niagara Falls, are visiting this week with his mother, Mrs. Mary Confer.

Miss Carrie Walizer, of Altoona, is visiting her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walizer.

Miss Snyder, of Lock Haven, spent several days with her sister, Mrs. Fred Leathers.

Miss Lulu Bechdol, of Blanchard, was an over Sunday guest with Mrs. Harold Schenck.

Misses Bessie and Lillian Miles, of Milesburg, were over Sunday guests with Mrs. Rebecca Lucas.

Miss Mittie Lucas left Monday for Bellefonte, where she will spend several weeks, after which she will go to Baltimore to select her spring millinery styles.

Kline Wolf and Miss Ruth Kane were Bellefonte shoppers Tuesday.

Samuel Tate, the aged father of Mrs. M. L. Beck, has returned from a two weeks visit with David Brumbaugh and other friends at Reading, and reports a delightful time.

Mrs. Charles Strunk visited her daughter, Miss Mamie Strunk, of Bellefonte, during last week.

Mrs. Catharine Jacobs, an aged soldier's widow, fell recently upon the ice but at present is able to be around at her work. Her niece, Mrs. Cowdrick, is visiting her and also another niece, Mrs. Archey, of Mackeyville, who has returned to her home.

Samuel Pletcher has done a wise act, by enrolling himself as a student of book-keeping and type-writing, at Iron City College, of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Ada Shay has been ill with grip, but is getting better and with her mother's assistance, the wants of her bright little boys are carefully attended.

Miss Margaret, one of the brightdaughters of Franklin Ziegler, has been ill for the last five weeks.

Thomas Lucas, lumberman in days of yore, at Karthaus, but now a tenant on the farm of the John A. Daley estate, in Curtin Twp. was in Howard on business last Saturday. Also David Sayers, the "watch dog" of Curtin Twp. school directors, who does his duty cheerfully at all times was in Howard on Saturday.

Mrs. Nellie Ziegler Bechdol is visiting her native town, where she sat in the "giggle corner" of Howard High School full of mirth and fun. Her two bright eyed little girls are accompaning her on her visit.

Local Institute in the M. E. Church, Howard, Janusry 21st, 7.45 p. m., Saturday 22d 9 a. m. and 1.30 p. m. The first session opened by a song, "O Native Land," which was well rendered by the Howard High School. Addres of Welcome by Mac Muffly, followed by an address "The Good School Director on the School Work," by Principal of Lock Haven Normal, Charles Lose. His talk was practical and logical, boiled down it was the cream of the Institute, an address every director of Centre County should hear and heed and at once proceed to put it into practical use. Following his talk a vocal duet was rendered by Elizabeth and Catharine Hoy, of Jacksonville Grammar School which was appreciated by the audience. Song by High School Eventide, following this address "The Home and the School" by George H. Hughes. His style of talk was on the line of "Alpha and Omega," but since he is the agent for the A. B. C. Book firm, his talk was interesting to some that had not heard him previous to this time; his Cart Whip story enlivened the occasion. Selection by Octette; session closed.

The Teachers Round Table was very interesting and was participated in by a number of teachers, and several teachers had well prepared manuscripts, which were not heard, as the time was consumed by other speakers. Thanks to those teachers not heard for the time and effort spent upon the preparation of their subject.

Saturday 1.30 p. m. Piano duet by Elizabeth Wolf and Vonda Johnson, which was well rendered, and credited to their efforts as pupils of the Grammar Grade.

Address, "English in the Grades" by Prof. N. P. Benson, of Lock Haven Normal, which is a subject difficult to interest a mixed audience, but the speaker handled his talk in a proficient manner as one able to impart knowledge to others.

Reading, by Miss Ruth Kane, a pupil of Howard High School. She did well and deserves praise and we admire her efforts to give "Billy Bryan" a slap in a poetical form.

Walter D. Ludwig, State Forester, spoke admiration to the pupils of the schools to be watchful of the forests and told what a power they could be in the protection of the forests. Cornet solo, rendered by Donald Gardner, assisted by Miss Genevieve Pletcher, pianist, both of the Howard High School. This was the first effort of the soloist and it brought the crimsons to his cheeks, to face the audience and watch his music accurately. He rendered his part very well as it has not been a year since he began the study of music.

The next on program was Mrs. Porter Lyons, who gave a practical talk on Industrial Work. She showed that to know how to sew, was an essential duty for every girl to learn, to be self reliant when called upon and to be prepared to care for her own clothing and urged that sewing should be taught in the Grades, instead of waiting for High School.

Briefly summing up the efforts of Prof. Ronald Welsh, in securing intellectual men, teachers and the Round Table talks were well arranged also in having the pupils of the High School arranged in one class and have those young persons from all the different churches, furnish the music for the occasion. By conducting a class in this manner, develops self confidence in the minds of the young person, exhibits the talent inborn and encourages the timid and leads them to a higher motive in the lines of education. Let every member of the different churches, encourage their children to unite and show to the older musicians what talent our town is possessed with. Thanks to principal, pupils, and parents that furnished entertainment for teachers from a distance while here.

Howard Ridges, R. F. D. 2.

On Saturday evening, January 15th, Mr. and Mrs. James Gault, gave a dinner in honor of their teath anniversary, and when the time arrived there were sixty-five assembled to enjoy a sumptous feast of roast pig and all the good things which go with it. The evening was pleasantly spent in song and speeches. Prof. Pletcher gave a short talk befitting the occasion. When the party was over everybody left wishing Mr. and Mrs. Gault, many more happy anniversaries. Those attending from around home were Mr. and Mrs. Linn Pletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Poorman, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Poorman, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herr, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Milford Pletcher, Mr and Mrs. Jacob Robb, Mr. Hail Thomas and sister Glenna, Mrs. James Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Schenck, Mr. William Haines, Mrs. A. D. Confer, Mrs. Anna Harvey, Mrs. Livonia Miller, Mr. and Mrs. L. Casselberry, Mrs. Raymond Gardner and son Edward. Those from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stover, Mr. Merrill Showers and Miss Olive Way, of Altoona; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Gault and daughters, Esther, Mable, Leonore, Maxine and Dorothy, all from Tyrone; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Showers and daughter Evelyn and mother Gault; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Showers and daughter Gertrude and George; Mr. and Mrs. David Barlett and daughter; Mr. Albert Thompson and Mr. Robert Roan all, of Bellefonte; also Mr. and B. F. Johnstonbaugh, parents of Mrs. Gault, from Braddock.

On account of the icy weather last week several people had very hard falls, Leonard Confer being one of the unfortunate. He was under the Doctor's care for several days, but is out again now.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigman, of Greensboro, N. C, are visiting Mrs. Sigman's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gardner.

The Holiness People dedicated their new church January 2d, and are now halding revival services. Rev. Russel Gardner is their pastor.

Newton Cameron who has been working at Orveston, was home over Sunday.

Hail Thomas spent several days at his old home on Nittany mountain last week. Miss Callihun accompanied him home. Looks as if Mr. and Mrs. Thomas would soon get a new daughter.

T. J. Moore was brought home sick from Orviston last week. He suffered a stroke of paralysis.

Miss Helen Thompson, of Port Matilda visited with her sister, Miss Clare Thompson, over Sunday.

Can't look well, eat well, or feel well with impure blood. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean, and good health is pretty sure to follow. $1.00 a bottle.

Blanchard.

Funeral services for the late Lemuel Clark were held last Saturday from the Baptist church, Rev. S. S. Clark officiating.

Mrs. Clarissa Kunes is very ill at her home, suffering from grip, resulting from aheavy cold and somewhat aggravated by heart trouble.

Robert Beatty is recovering from a serious spell of grip. He was unable to work for some time.

The Baptist folks are holding a series of special meetings conducted by Evangelist Russell. The meetings are being largely attended at the church by members and friends.

Mrs. Orry Stover is recovering from a bad attack of grip and asthma.

James Clark and wife returned on Monday to their home in Juniata, after being in attendance upon the funeral of the former's brother, the late Lemuel Clark.

Mrs. William Gardner, of Johnsonburg, who was here attending her sister, Mrs. Mary J. Egan, returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Egan is much better and is under the care of Miss Mary Fravel.

George Delong departed on Saturday for Pittsburgh, where he intends to get employment in the shops. We wish him all the success in his new work which he so well merits.

Mrs. Lizzie Bitner, of Beech Creek, took dinner on Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Joe Kunes.

Mrs. Grace Brown and little daughter, from Erie, are spending some time here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer.

Mt. Eagle.

John Confer last week shipped a car load of mine props from the Mt. Eagle station.

Roland McCartney loaded a car of mine ties last Saturday for shipment to some western point.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers went to Williamsport last Wednesday to visit several weeks with her sister and niece. Miss Hilda Bryan, of Curtin, is keeping house for her meanwhile.

Will Beatty went to Eagleville last Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Lemuel Clark. The death of the latter removes another old Civil War soldier.

Miss Ethel Bitner and Miss Tobias attended the Local Institute at Eagleville on Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Rishel began revival services in the Kennedy M. E. church on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lott Neff and children, from Curtin, spent Sunday with Mrs. Neff's mother, Mrs. William Bitner, at Kennedy.

FAMOUS SIKH TEMPLE.

Most Costly and Ornate Place of Worship In the World.

You have seen some costly and beautiful churches, especially if you have traveled in Europe. You may perhaps have gauged the religious devotion of a given sect by the money it has lavished on its temple, and if this is your standard do you know who are the most devout religionists in the world? The Greek church in Russia and the Roman church in Italy reveal great devotion, but their piety, measured by the above standard, is trivial when compared to that of the Sikhs, disciples of Nanak Shah, in the Punjab, now British India. At Amritsar, about thirty miles from Lahore, where Edwin Lord Weeks painted his wonderful oriental pictures, there is a Sikh temple that is without a peer in the Christian world. It was built when the politico-religious organization was at the pinnacle of its power and all the wealth and splendid decorative feeling of the orient were at the disposal of the builders.

The temple itself, which was at one time served by 600 priests, is sixty feet long and about half that width. It is surrounded by a deep depression, which is called the "Fount of Immortality." The bridge leading across this to the entrance of the temple proper is floored by plates of engraved silver, each twelve feet square. The bridge is illuminated by gold lamps on marble pedestals. The walls of the temple are marble, inlaid by marvelous mosaics. The roof is composed of three gilded domes, surrounded by small golden cupolas, and the doors are of solid silver. All this is but a setting for the most costly and ornate altar in the world.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

On Three Counts.

"No," said the editor, "we cannot use your poem."

"Why?" asked the poet. "Is it too long?"

"Yes," hissed the editor. "It's too long and too wide and too thick."—St. Louis Republic.

Just a Hint.

The Widower—'Tis a bright little wan, that! The Widow—'Tis, indade! 'Tis only yisterday he was after askin' if he'd iver have a stepfather.—Puck.

Sincerely Wrong.

The most dangerous people in the world are the people who are sincerely wrong. Conscience is like a compass and needs continual readjustment.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Sophocles.

PREVENTION
IS BETTER THAN CURE
IT PAYS

to take precautions before the disease gets a firm hold. The whole country is filled with cases of "Grippe". At the first intimation of the disease get a bottle of

"Rexall Grippe Pills"

They are recommended as a remedy to allay the irritations, headache, general depression and fever associated with influenza colds --Price 25c. Sold only at

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willow bank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Hoga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. —Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to big markets; wonderful opportunity, write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

LOST—On December 16th, somewhere between State College and Snow Shoe, on state road, gentleman's yellow leather traveling bag, about 20 inches long. Contains personal effects, business cards, order blanks also heavy red sweater. If finder will return same to Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa., reward of $5 will be paid.

LOST—Scotch Collie pup, 3½ months old. Lost on Sunday, January 16th, answers to name "Queen." Reward if returned to Clarence Rhoads, Bellefonte, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer, $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods, offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods. offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1916

at 1.30 p. m., the following described real estate, viz:

Description:—All that certain messuage, tenement, or tract of land, situate in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at the corner of Linn and Wilson street, thence north along the east side of Wilson street 200 feet to an alley; thence eastward along said alley 100 feet, thence southward 200 feet to a point in Linn street westward 100 feet to the place of beginning—It being two lots fronting on Linn street 100 feet and extending northward along Wilson street 200 feet on which is erected A TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, Barn and other outbuildings.

To be sold subject to mortgage May First, 1897, and recorded in Centre County in Mortgage Book No. 31, page 43.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Paul L. Wetzel, Administrator, etc. of J. H. Wetzel, dec'd., and Susan Wetzel, widow, Paul L. Wetzel, Nevin Y. Wetzel, Adah Lucile Pifer, Miriam Ruth Hartswick and Sarah Elizabeth Wetzel, (who has for her guardian Nevin Y. Wetzel), being the widow and all the legal representatives of J. H. Wetzel, deceased.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., January 7, 1916.

Winning a Reputation.

An amusing story of how he won the title of being the champion cocoanut shier among the clergy is told by the bishop of Chelmsford.

He informed a gathering of clergymen, says the London Globe, that when vicar of Bethnal Green he took a party of workingmen to Epping forest and was there challenged to have a shy at the cocoanuts.

He accepted and, paying his sixpence, was given seven balls. Then something happened which would not happen again were he to live to be as old as Methuselah. With those seven balls he knocked off seven cocoanuts. He has lived on the reputation of that feat ever since, and when any one asked him to have a cocoanut shy he said, "You go and knock seven off with seven balls and then I will speak to you."

Pride of Ancestry.

"I've looked up your family tree," said the genealogist, "but I doubt if you will be pleased with it. Your great-great-grandfather was hanged for murder; your great-grandfather was imprisoned for robbery; your grandfather was tarred and feathered for beating his wife. That's not a very good record, is it?"

"I should say it is," replied the other emphatically. "It shows the family is getting better with each generation. I'm an improvement on the entire bunch—never been in jail yet. Let me have those records—I'm proud of 'em."—Boston Transcript.

Smell and Taste.

The sense of smell is most nearly allied to that of taste. Hearing and seeing depend upon nerve responses to vibrations in the air and in the ether. In order to taste a substance it has to be wholly or partially dissolved; in order to smell a substance it must encounter the olfactory organs as a vapor, an emanation, a cloud of particles arising from odoriferous matter.

A LOST PICTURE PLAY

It Turned Up Unexpectedly

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I am the manager of a moving picture studio. What is a manager of a movie studio? Only he who has been such knows. Success or failure depends upon him.

If one desires to get an idea of the workings of the photographing of plays let him visit a studio while the work is going on. He sees men, women and children lounging about waiting their turn to enact their parts. Some are arranged before the camera. A court scene, a love part, a murder, anything, everything that pertains to civilized, even savage life, on land, on the water, in the air, is put on the films before the wondering beholder. A woman is gaping in abandon while waiting to be a princess before the camera. A peasant girl is complaining that she is "tired to death"—for the work is dreadfully wearying—and she must in a few minutes be skipping about as happy as a newly fledged bird. This is behind the scenes of the movies.

How different from the picture passing smoothly before the eyes of an audience seated in comfortable chairs in the theater!

It is this multiplication of matters needing attention that leads managers of studios to hedge themselves in behind closed doors and forbidden to any one until the name has been sent in on a slip of paper stating the nature of the caller's business. And if some unknown person desires to see him to submit a picture play he sends word to leave it and it will be examined. It then goes on to the file of hundreds of other plays to take its turn and (usually) be returned after weary waiting on the part of the author.

Having given, I trust, the reader some faint idea of my multifarious duties I will tell my story.

One morning when I sat down to my desk, feeling somewhat rested from the work of the day before, there came a call at the telephone. Taking up the receiver, I listened. The voice that came over the wire was that of a woman and was soft and sweet.

"Is this Mr. Collamore?"

"Yes; I'm Mr. Collamore."

"I've just finished a picture play, and I would like to have a few minutes' conversation with you about it."

"Leave it in the office, or send it by mail, and it will receive attention."

"Thank you very much. Goodby."

I was surprised at being able to throw the party off so easily and congratulated myself at having done so; then turned to my daily routine. The next morning there was another call at the phone.

"Mr. Collamore, I have some more information to give you about that matter of which we were talking yesterday and will call on you at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Goodby."

"Who are you, please?"

"Miss Weatherby."

Hearing a click I knew there was no use trying to find out who Miss Weatherby was. I did not remember any conversation with any such person, but I concluded that I had neglected to take down the name. Inasmuch as she had been admitted and had talked with me, what she had to communicate must be of some importance. At any rate, when she was announced in the afternoon I gave an order for her admittance. A very pretty young woman was ushered in, who seated herself in the chair beside my desk with as much sang froid as if she had a right to remain there as long as she chose.

"Let me see," I said to her. "What was the business we were discussing yesterday morning? I don't quite recall it."

"I told you that I had a picture play."

Now I knew who Miss Wetherby was. Unable to get at me in the regular way, she had resorted to the telephone to make an appointment—a very shrewd device. However, she had succeeded in passing my guard and there was nothing to do but listen to what she had to say. This was brief and to the point. She asked me to read her scenario myself. I told her that it was impossible for me to read all the plays that came into the studio, to which she replied that she did not wish me to read all the plays, she would be satisfied if I would read hers. She would not leave without the promise, and I was obliged to give it. Then she handed me her manuscript and departed without a word.

It was evident that the girl was not only bright, but had the good sense to understand that her play would stand by itself and she need not bore me by telling about its strong points. I am a man of my word and determined to keep my pledge to her. I put the scenario in my pocket, intending to glance over it on my way home. I live in a suburb and go home by rail. When on the train I would have abundant opportunity to do so.

That evening, when I went home I was loaded down, a common condition of commuters, with parcels. On the train I took out the scenario and was about to begin its perusal when a boy came along with the evening papers. I bought one and, seeing a startling announcement of a victory in the great European war, laid the manuscript down beside me on the seat. Becoming absorbed in the news, I read the paper till we reached my station and, forgetting all about the scenario, left it in the seat. Not till after dinner did I remember it and my promise to read it.

There is a rule of the railroad that all articles left in trains should be turned in at the nearest terminal, and I hoped to recover the play the next day when I went into the city. It had not been left at the lost article office. I was worried. I called again to inquire for it the next day and was still disappointed. I gave up all hope of recovering it and began to consider devices by which I might best get out of the scrape with Miss Weatherby.

I had not promised to read the play within any given time, so there was no hurry in doing anything about the matter. I was in hope that an address was written on the manuscript and it would be sent back to the author, who would turn it in again to me. But when a week passed I gave up this hope.

I could now do nothing but confess the loss to Miss Weatherby and indemnify her. But I was very busy, as usual, and concluded to wait for her to put in an appearance, when I would be very sweet to her with a view to be let down as lightly as possible. I was ready to pay her a fair price for the time she would spend in making a duplicate copy of the manuscript.

It was about ten days after the loss that I was called up on the phone by Miss Weatherby, who asked in her sweet voice if I had passed upon her play. I responded that I had not. This was as far as I got when she interrupted me, saying that she was aware that I was a very busy man. Indeed, she wondered that I had not broken down long ago. Then, saying that it would be criminal for her to take up my time about her small matter, she hung up the receiver, and I was shut off.

I did not know whether to feel glad or sorry at this respite. I would have preferred to make my confession and have the suspense ended. And yet the delay might bring forth some development—the manuscript might turn up; something might happen either to me or the young lady to render an explanation unnecessary. I think that I would almost have been willing to break my leg if while I was laid up the difficulty could be removed.

I did not hear from Miss Weatherby for some time after she had called me up on the phone. A new play that had been hawked about among film manufacturers was meeting with great success, and I was interested in making the acquaintance of the author and getting some of his work. But the name of the writer was not given, and I failed to find out who he was. It was rumored that the play had been written for the actress who played the principal part, a lady who had made a reputation on the stage—Helen Markland, though this was her stage name. I had never seen Miss Markland, having been so busy that I had to work nights, and tried to get an evening to attend the theater when she was on the screen, but thus far had failed.

The next time Miss Weatherby called me up to inquire about her play she asked me if I had seen Helen Markland in her new play. I told her that I had not, but was trying to get an opportunity to do so, whereupon she went into ecstacies over the play and the actress. "I'm going tomorrow night to see her," she added. "I wish you would be my escort."

Here was an opportunity to break the news of my carelessness under great advantage. I knew that for one in my position to condescend to escort one of the multitude of women ambitious to achieve a reputation as a playwright would be considered a great honor. I told Miss Weatherby that I would be delighted to escort her in good time for the first performance. She replied that she should expect me to criticise the play, giving her the benefit of my knowledge in such matters, that she might utilize it in improvements in the scenario in my possession. I winced at this, but said nothing.

The next evening I called for Miss Weatherby in a carriage. She introduced me to her mother, who was to go with us to the play. We were a little ahead of the main feature, during which interval I was delighted with my companion, who chatted charmingly. She seemed in the best of spirits and very proud of having secured the escort of a manager of a studio. When the main play came on she ceased to talk and sat with an expectancy upon her face such as she might have shown were she personally interested in the play about to be produced.

A few minutes after the opening the heroine came on the screen. I started. To my astonishment, she might have been Miss Weatherby's twin sister. A photograph has certain differences from its original, and I was not quite sure of the resemblance. I turned toward my companion and saw an amused smile on her lips.

Then I knew that Miss Weatherby and Helen Markland were the same person.

There is little more to my story. When Miss Weatherby left her scenario with me she was unknown in the picture field, though she had attained some reputation as an actress under the name of Helen Markland. The scenario that I had left in the train bore her address and was returned to her. She succeeded in getting it accepted by another manufacturer, with herself in the title role.

The play and the leading lady were delightful.

Miss Weatherby and I became fast friends, and I have since manufactured several of her plays.

CLOUD FORMATIONS.

Why the Masses of Moisture Are Able to Float In the Air.

Clouds consist of particles of condensed water vapor and in some cases of extremely fine spicules of ice, which is also formed from water vapor. Water vapor which arises by evaporation from the surface of seas, lakes, etc., is lighter than dry air at the same temperature and pressure. It is also invisible.

It disseminates itself through the atmosphere and ascends to great heights. There, owing to the fall of temperatures and to other causes, it begins to condense into particles which are slightly heavier than air and which become visible clouds.

Owing to the influence of winds and of rising currents as well as to the fact that the condensed particles are nearly as light as air the clouds remain floating, like fine suspended matter in water, until further condensation creates particles of sufficient size to form raindrops, whose relative great weight brings them rapidly to the ground.

That clouds do slowly descend even when not condensed into rain may be observed when they are seen to dissolve and disappear without apparent cause. This is caused by the cloud's descent to a level where a rise of temperature causes the condensed water vapor to revolatilize, thus becoming again invisible.—New York Journal.

MOST ANCIENT TREATY.

Carved In Stone on the Walls of Two Egyptian Temples.

On the walls of two of Egypt's greatest temples, that of Karnak and the Rameseum at Thebes, carved in the everlasting stone of the dry land of the Nile, says the Christian Herald, is the oldest international treaty known to man. Rameses the Great, one of the signers, is the best known man of remote antiquity. Khetasar (the czar of the Kheta or Hittites), the other party to the treaty, is unknown except to a few, and his nation is little known even to the scholars.

The Hittites were a mighty race, whose empire, equal in rank with the mighty empire of Egypt and Babylonia, once extended over 400,000 square miles of territory in Asia Minor and Syria. A few years ago practically nothing was known of the life and civilization of these mysterious people.

They are mentioned in the Bible and in the Egyptian and Assyrian records, but until very recently their own story had never been read by modern man. Today, thanks to the excavations that were carried on at the capital city of Carchemish, much has been learned about this great group of tribes, and orderly evidence about them is now available for the first time in 2,000 years.

Scientist Who Couldn't Light a Fire.

Lord Kelvin, like Lord Morley, once amused a Scottish audience with a display of ignorance. At a lecture in Edinburgh, with Lord Kelvin in the chair, the Duke of Argyll was taken suddenly ill. "When the aged peer was carried down to one of the anterooms," said a local paper, "one of the first things to be thought of was the lighting of a fire, and this task was tackled by the duke's host, Lord Kelvin. But instead of placing some paper in the grate and some wood on that in the orthodox manner, he amazed the onlookers by desperate efforts to kindle a handful of sticks at a gas burner. Ordinary mortals may be pardoned for taking some satisfaction in the fact that even so great a philosopher as Lord Kelvin did not know how to light a fire."

Oddest of Queer Fishes.

A queer fish that does not swim is the "sargasso fish," known to sailors as the "frogfish." It lives in that vast mass of floating gulfweed called the Sargasso sea, in mid-Atlantic.

Its pectoral fins are so modified and developed as to resemble arms, and it uses them for clinging to the weed. Very gaudily colored, it changes its hues to match the aquatic vegetation by which it is surrounded, and when the latter decays and turns brown it assumes a corresponding shade.

The fish lays its eggs in a jelly-like mass, which, absorbing a great quantity of water, becomes three times as big as the mother fish herself, assuming the form of a narrow raft three or four feet long and two to four inches wide.

Looking Back.

"This car of yours seems to give you great pleasure."

"Yes. I often wonder how I ever got along without it," answered the motorist loftily. "Walking tires me dreadfully and is—er—somewhat plebeian."

"Pardon me for reminding you of the painful past, but I happen to know that you used to cover considerable territory as a mere pedestrian."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

After the Wedding.

"Your pa promised to give a dowry of 20,000 marks. When is he going to pay?"

"Well, if he promised 20,000 marks he meant 2,000, and you ought not to insist on such a trifling sum!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

McSwine's Gun.

McSwine's gun is a prodigious cavity in the cliffs on the coast of County Donegal, Ireland, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound like the booming of a cannon, which can be heard twenty or thirty miles away.

If thou art a man admire those who attempt great enterprises, even though they fail.—Seneca.

The White Lantern

How the Mystery Was Solved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Lanlieung is as unclean as many other Chinese cities, and John Latham left the squalor of the best inn that the place afforded and made his leisurely way down the crooked streets, quite oblivious to the malodorous atmosphere as well as the unfriendly glances that met him in his walk.

Latham was agent for a large firm of tea importers, and this was to be his last trip to China. Hereafter he would be stationed in the New York office of the company, and he was glad of the change.

This evening as he strolled the streets looking for one that led down to the river's edge, where there might be a whiff of fresh air to fill his lungs, he scarcely noticed the crowds that gradually filled the streets. Then the sound of drums and the shriek of Chinese fiddles announced that some festival was in progress.

Lighted paper lanterns appeared everywhere, and Latham was jostled to and fro in the crowd.

As he went he became aware of a curious fact.

In the narrow street there appeared among the gayly tinted lanterns one of pure white paper. It was swinging at the top of a slender bamboo pole, and the man who carried it was masked.

As soon as the white lantern appeared a babel of staccato yells arose from the crowd, and they broke away to let the white lantern have free passage. Then silence fell upon the street, and the masked man had the right of way until he turned the corner and disappeared.

Latham asked himself the question. "What about the white lantern?" and the spirit of adventure which was ever with him answered, "Follow it."

So he hastened to the corner as best he might, turned it and in the far distance saw the white lantern making a path for itself through this less crowded thoroughfare.

He kept a hundred feet behind the pale bobbing transparency until it left the windings of the city streets and turned into a path that led into the country.

As he passed through the city gate Latham felt a hand on his arm. The gatekeeper—a fat, friendly looking Chinese—pointed after the white lantern bobbing steadily away.

"The American lord must not follow the white lantern," he said in the dialect of the province.

Latham understood his words and paused.

"Why not?" he asked curiously.

"It is not well to follow the white lantern," persisted the other guardedly. "It leads to death."

"Why can't you tell me where it is going and all about it?" Latham jiggled a dollar in his hand.

The gatekeeper's eyes looked covetously at the money, but he shook his head.

"I cannot speak the name or it will come upon me and my family for three generations," he muttered. "But I have warned you."

"I shall follow it," said Latham obstinately. "And here's something for your warning, man of impeccable conscience," and he dropped the money into the eager palm.

The white lantern was disappearing down the farther slope of a little hill and he had to run to keep it in sight.

The masked man was evidently in a hurry now, for he was hastening up and down the little hills, dodging around farm buildings, following the meandering path along the river's edge and finally vanishing in the gloom of a pine grove.

Latham ran breathlessly among the pines until the moonlike face of the white lantern appeared close at hand.

Now it stopped, as if its bearer was aware of pursuit and was waiting for the pursuer.

Latham panted to a standstill before the masked figure.

The white lantern was lowered until it became a barrier between the two men.

"Stand back!" said the lantern bearer in English.

Latham, startled by the unexpected order, obeyed.

The glow of the white lantern shone on the implacable black mask with its holes, through which sparkled glittering eyes.

"Stand back!" repeated the lantern bearer.

"Why?" retorted Latham.

"Because to follow me is to go to a horrible death."

"I would chance it," said Latham recklessly, for he had witnessed many strange happenings in China, and his curiosity was aroused by the incident of the evening. "Let me follow you, stranger, and I will hold no man responsible for what happens."

The masked man laughed shortly.

"Come, fool!" he cried and lifted his white lantern on high.

Latham followed, a strange depression seizing his spirits.

Was the bearer of the white lantern some ill timed jester of the evening who would make sport of the foreign devil? Was he the agent of some dreadful secret society? What was he? Latham was soon to discover.

He followed the white lantern through the pine grove and out into a barren stretch of open country. Here was desolation indeed. A few trees were crowded inside of a rough stockade and shaded some miserable little huts, plainly visible in the light of the full moon.

The white lantern bobbed over the hillocks until they reached a gate in the stockade.

The masked man turned to Latham, who was close at his heels.

"Would you enter and face death?" he asked.

"Yes," said Latham, his curiosity aroused to its highest pitch.

"Fool!" laughed the other and, slipping inside the gate, barred it securely. "If you have no care for your life I will save it for you." He blew out the white lantern, and the place was bathed only in the cold moonlight.

Speechless with surprise, John Latham leaned against the stockade and looked through at the trees, the little dark huts and the form of the masked man who was striding across the yard.

He paused on the threshold of the largest hut, waved a pale hand and vanished.

Utter silence reigned over the place. There was not the bark of a dog or the stirring of fowl, and there are few places in China where chickens are not underfoot and disputing the right of way.

"I'll wait until morning if necessary, but I'll pierce the mystery of the white lantern," muttered Latham as he withdrew to a nearby tree and sat down with his back against it.

The night was warm, and he soon slumbered.

Morning dawned faintly in the east. A red ray of sunshine awoke John Latham to a bewildered sense of the events of the night. He rubbed his eyes sleepily.

Within the stockade there was a stirring of forms. Some hobbled feebly to the shade of the nearest tree and cowered there. Others limped woefully about in miserable silence, while others gathered in groups and ate ravenously, snarling like dogs while they ate.

Gradually Latham got upon his feet, a great dread in his face. Nearer, nearer, he drew, step by step, to the stockade, where a dreadful face peered at him through the palings.

A face that was a mockery—a misery—an inhuman horror!

Latham laughed wildly, and the face vanished.

He saw the tall form of the lantern bearer striding across the yard. He was clothed in a long white linen coat such as surgeons wear, and on his hands were white gloves. He was still wearing the mask of the night before.

He came straight to the stockade and, gripping his hands upon the palings, he asked abruptly:

"My God, man, can't you stay away?"

"You are an American," was Latham's surprised reply.

"Yes." The other drew a deep breath. "And you—what are you doing here in this place of pestilence and death? Did you come across the world to tempt me to revenge myself upon you for stealing the woman I loved?" he ended fiercely.

Latham cried out sharply.

"Only one man in the world could reproach me that way," he breathed heavily.

"I am that man!" declared the other. "I am Clay Foster!"

"Clay Foster—you? You are here—here in this leper colony?" panted Latham. "You—you the brilliant young physician who had everything in life"—

"Everything save the woman I loved," was the grave reply. "I can bring my skill and knowledge here among these unfortunates. I can do good. What more can I ask?"

Latham's soul was wrung with remorse.

"And it was in your power to visit death upon me," he said slowly. "When I saw you with your white lantern of warning that a leper was coming through the streets—when I saw you little did I guess your identity or the significance of the white lantern.

"I was attracted by an element of adventure, and I followed. I wanted to follow you in here—among these! And you, whom I had wronged, you prevented me! Clay Foster, you are a great man—a man indeed!"

He bowed his head against the palings, and the man who had devoted his life to the comforts of a leper colony in the heart of China looked at him pityingly, as looks one who has outgrown the insignificant things of life who knows only of the magnitude of sin and suffering and offers up his life to allay it.

Dr. Foster spoke again: "You had better go now, Latham. Remember me to old friends back in the world. Say that I am well and happy, and, hang it all, I'd like some newspapers that are not a year old!" He laughed melodiously.

John Latham lifted his head.

"I will attend to that, Foster," he said gravely. "And there is another thing I will do. I will tell her of you and your work. God bless you and—goodby!"

They exchanged a long look, and when Dr. Foster had turned away to his hideous charges John Latham walked away back to the city. And when he reached the city gate his eyes were so blinded by tears that he could not recognize the fat gatekeeper who had let him out the night before.

The gatekeeper clucked sympathetically.

"Ah, the American lord has looked upon death!" he cried.

"No," said John Latham as he passed wearily through the gate. "I followed the white lantern, and I have looked upon death in life!"

BATTLED FOR THEIR BRIDES.

The Most Thrilling Wedding Day In the World's History.

Do you know what was the most thrilling wedding day in the history of the world? There have been many romantic marriages and many nuptial services that had to be deferred because of the opposition of parent or rival, but all of them pale into dingy gray when compared with the colorful spectacle of the abduction and recapture of the Venetian brides in the early winter of 923, when Candino II., the noble doge, was lending his presence to the biggest wedding party in the history of the Church of San Pietro. It had long been the custom for all the noble brides to be married on St. Mary's day. It was, moreover, the custom for the brides to bring with them all their jewels and their dowries, in gold coin, inclosed in handsomely carved chests.

The latter fact was well known in Trieste, that ancient Roman colony which was the harbor for bands of pirates who were most clever navigators. On this richest of all St. Mary's wedding days the ceremony for more than a score of brides had already begun when the pirates from Trieste burst into the church, captured the brides and their dowries and carried them to the waiting boats. Thanks to the Trunkmakers' union, there were several boats waiting, and in these the bereft bridegrooms and the sturdy trunkmakers gave pursuit. There was a battle royal, one of the most thrilling sea fights on record, dowries and brides were recovered, and before midnight all had been safely married.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GET RICH QUICK SCHEMES.

For Big Investors They May Work, but Not For Small Ones.

"Those who labor hard for their money and who have a still more arduous struggle in saving small sums," says a banker in the American Magazine, "naturally fall easy victims in many instances to the desire for sudden riches. But the fatal error lies in supposing that the person of small means can afford to take the chance. If he or she loses they lose all. The large capitalist and the professional money lender have the law of averages working with them. They can afford to sink money into twenty ventures if they make a thousand per cent on one. They are protected by the law of chance, the average safety of their investments depending upon no single risk.

"Risk is a necessary part of business, but should be borne by the strong, never by the weak. The promoter who talks about the small investor being given the same opportunities as the very rich is indulging in 'bunk.' He always forgets to say that a safe 5 per cent bond or a 6 per cent mortgage, 'cold, impersonal depositories for funds,' will at the end of five years have paid their owners 30 per cent to 35 per cent (allowing for compound interest) and that the vast majority of new ventures with big promises will have paid nothing.

"Only the man who can afford to take risks has any business to look for an investment that will make him rich quickly."

Disraeli and the Editor.

Disraeli would dearly have liked to suspend the London Globe years ago when that paper, then a Whig organ, fell foul of him over his "Vindication of the English Constitution." Few editors have ever been so roughly abused as in Disraeli's letter to the Times: "It is not my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the Globe by the nose and to inflict sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body, to make him eat dirt and his own words, fouler than any filth, but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing, stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the soidisant director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics."—London Opinion.

Kick of the Gun.

When a young American joins the national guard or, following that instinct which not even long city life can entirely kill, takes a gun and starts out as a hunter, one of the earliest surprises he gets is that nasty hard kick his firearm gives him.

But the kick of the big guns in war is tremendous. Some of the guns jump into the air. In others mechanism takes up the rebound and the gun slides back into place.

It is a curious fact that each of these great guns takes its kick in a way all its own.—New York World.

Strychnine.

The number of plants used for medicinal purposes in the Philippines is very large. A few are recognized as sources of standard medicines, but the number having commercial value is decidedly small. From one, the St. Ignatius bean (Strychnos ignatii), the strychnine of commerce is extracted.

Patient.

Her Father—The fact is, I cannot give my daughter a dowry just at present. Suitor—That's all right, sir. I can love her for herself alone in the meantime.—Boston Transcript.

Combination Spoiled.

He—She married a fool with barrels of money. She—Then why isn't she happy? He—Marriage brought him to his senses.—Boston Transcript.

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.—Beecher.

THE SIGNAL

A Story of Revolution In Mexico

By F. A. MITCHEL

The republic of Mexico had been tranquil under the presidency of Ippolito Quintares, and it was supposed by that people of many governments that they would be permitted to continue at peace and to recover from the effects of anarchy.

But no one can tell what is about to happen in Mexico. In that country a revolution is liable at any time to flash like lightning from a clear sky.

One afternoon Manuel Coral, a nephew and the secretary of the president, rode into the country a distance of a dozen miles to the residence of General Munez, whose title had come from his once having commanded a band of revolutionists. But Coral was not going to see the general. Inez Garcia, the daughter of a former president of Mexico who had been deposed and garroted, being without means of support had been taken into the Munez family and made governess to the general's children. Manuel Coral had met her and fallen in love with her.

The young man reached the Munez hacienda as the sun was setting and rode up between an avenue of trees to the house. The general was sitting on his veranda. Coral threw himself from his horse, turned the beast over to a dusky stableman and advanced to meet the general. To his surprise the visitor saw under an assumed cordiality a partially concealed antagonism. The general seemed to be displeased at his coming. His previous visits had been welcomed by the host, and the visitor had every reason to presume that his attentions to Senorita Inez were approved by the general and his family. Their approval was a matter of importance, for the young lady owed them much and was treated more like one of them than a hireling. Manuel's first thought was that for some reason unknown to him they had withdrawn their consent for a match between him and their protegee.

"You will find Inez within," said the general after placing his hand coldly in that of Manuel. "She is arranging flowers for the table. Of course you will sup with us."

Manuel went into the house, meeting Senora Munez in the hall. She started on seeing him and knit her brows; then resuming her usual cordial manner she welcomed him, called Inez from the dining room, and the visitor and the senorita passed into the drawing room.

Inez, if she did not appear discomposed at his coming, seemed troubled.

"Something is wrong, sweetheart," said Manuel. "The general received me with, to say the least, embarrassment. Senora Munez was startled at seeing me, and you do not greet me as usual. Tell me what it all means."

Inez was silent for a moment, then made a reply that Coral knew was a prevarication.

"Don't you think you are exaggerating the want of cordiality of your reception? The general and Senora Munez may have something annoying on their minds that renders the presence of a visitor in the house just at present inconvenient to them."

Manuel studied her face, which was half averted, for a few moments and made up his mind that something was on hand which might be important, something that he should know. He resolved to conceal his suspicion.

"I can very well understand such a situation," he said. "Unlucky the host as well as the visitor who comes at an inopportune time. But, now I am here we must all make the best of it. My ride from the city has given me an appetite, and the general has invited me to supper. If I find later in the evening that my presence is annoying I will go back to the city. It is a two hour ride and there are cutthroats on the way, but I will not force myself upon those who do not wish my company."

At the mention of his riding over a road that was infested by robbers Inez clung to him, appearing much disturbed. But she said nothing, and in another moment supper was announced.

After the meal Coral and his sweetheart were again permitted to occupy the parlor together. Manuel did not refer again to the want of cordiality with which he had been received. At 9 o'clock he arose to go. Inez seemed disturbed, but did not invite him to remain. Passing into the hall, the general came out of a room opposite with a muffler on.

"You are not going to the city to-night?" said Munez.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Better remain here. I insist upon it. I should not forgive myself if you should meet with trouble on the way."

"What trouble?"

"Never mind that. We have a room for you, and I shall expect you to occupy it."

This was spoken not in a tone of invitation, but of command. Coral was more surprised than ever. Something was surely in the wind.

"Very well, general. Since you insist upon my remaining I will do so. But the president will be in his office early in the morning. That means that his secretary must be there early also."

"In that case you had better go to bed early. I will show you to your room. If I permit you to rejoin Inez there is no telling when you will tear yourself away from her."

"May I ask, general, if there is any change in you and Senora Munez as to my union with Inez?"

"There is not."

"Very well. I will retire to my room now."

The general led the way to the second floor, all the rooms of which opened on a court. Throwing open the door to one of these rooms, the general set the candle he held on the bureau and, bidding his guest good night, left him.

Coral was puzzled. The general had assured him that his devotion to Inez had nothing to do with the manner of his reception. What, then, could it mean? He was at a loss to form any theory. He went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking of a solution. He expected to arise at 5 o'clock and ride to the city before 8. At 10 o'clock he heard the sound of a horse's hoof on the road. They grew more distinct, approaching the house, and stopped before it. Coral heard what sounded like the clank of a saber.

In ten minutes the comer rode away, but within half an hour another horseman came and went as the other had done. Up to midnight five or six persons visited the house. Coral heard them come and go, but nothing more. Something surely was brewing. He began to get sleepy, but preferred not to go to sleep. To prevent his doing so he left his bed and sat by a window. The room was chilly, and he put on some of his clothing.

On a rise in the ground several miles distant he saw a light. It was a bonfire. On another summit was another. He counted five of these fires within view. What did they mean?

A faint light appeared in the east. A few minutes later Coral saw a flash through the keyhole of his door. Going to the door, he opened it just far enough to look out. He saw Inez with a candle in her hand at the foot of a staircase leading up to a square tower built at the corner of the house. He had often been up there and knew that there was a ladder in it giving access to the roof.

Inez ascended the stairs. Coral emerged from his room, ran around the court and followed her, overtaking her in the room that constituted the tower. So stealthily did he move that she did not know of his presence till she stood at the foot of the ladder leading to the roof, when she felt herself clasped by a pair of arms. Turning her head, she saw her lover.

"What are you going to do?" he asked in a whisper.

He partly unloosed her, and her head sank upon his breast.

"How unfortunate!"

"What is unfortunate?"

"Your coming at this time."

"Inez," he said sternly, "something is wrong. You are doing the work of General Munez. Choose now between him and me, once and forever."

"I am obliged to choose you. I cannot do what he requires of me without your permission, and when you know my intention you will prevent me."

Then followed a confession which amazed Coral more than his frigid reception, but explained it. General Munez was at the head of troops who were to begin their march to the capital at dawn to assassinate the president and seize the government. The insurgents were scattered. Each group had kindled a fire as a signal that it was ready and waiting. General Munez had gone to a point of rendezvous to take command. He had exacted a promise from Inez that she would at dawn show a light on the tower of his residence as a signal for the different bodies to converge at the point where they would find him.

Having received the confession, Coral bethought himself what to do.

"Inez," he said presently, "you have kept your word with your benefactor against your lover, so far as you are able. I will not permit you to give the signal. Promise me that you will go to your room and remain there, taking no further part in this matter. I will set out at once for the capital and warn the president. Do as I say, and I promise you that no action shall be taken against General Munez. Without the signal the revolution will collapse. The president will ignore it."

This proposition accorded with Inez's desires. She had been bitterly opposed to a movement which, having been concocted in the house where she lived she was necessarily cognizant of. If successful it would make a breach between her and her lover; if it failed General Munez would suffer death. She made the promise.

"But you will not get through," she added. "All the roads leading to the capital are picketed, the guards being instructed to pass no one without the countersign."

"What is the countersign?"

She hesitated for a moment, then said, "Since the revolution cannot be carried out perhaps it is better that you should have it." Then she whispered it in his ear.

"Goodby, sweetheart," he said. "You have acted for the best. The attempt would have failed, and General Munez would have suffered death."

Descending to the yard, he went to the stable, saddled his horse and was soon flying over the road to the city. He was often stopped; but, having the countersign, he was not long delayed. He now understood why the general had kept him overnight. He knew that Coral would not get through.

The signal not having been given the troops dispersed at sunrise and the general returned to his home, wondering why his plan had gone awry, for he trusted Inez implicitly. She told him her story, and he admitted that she had acted for the best.

Instead of being shot as a traitor, General Munez was given a fat office, and he and the president shook hands at the wedding of Manuel Coral and Inez Garcia.

RAISING CAPITAL.

Young Sam Clemens and His Chums in a Coonskin Deal.

The adventures of Sam Clemens and his comrades would fill several books of the size of "Tom Sawyer." Many of them are, of course, forgotten now, but those still remembered show that Mark Twain had plenty of real material.

It was not easy to get money in those days, and the boys were often without it. Once Huck Blankenship had the skin of a coon he had captured and offered to sell it to raise capital. At Selms' store on Wildcat corner the coonskin would bring 10 cents. But this was not enough. The boys thought of a plan to make it bring more.

Selms' back window was open, and the place where he kept his pelts was pretty handy. Huck went around to the front door and sold the skin for 10 cents to Selms, who tossed it back on the pile. Then Huck came back and after waiting a reasonable time crawled in the open window, got the coonskin and sold it to Selms again. The boys did this several times that afternoon, and the capital of the band grew. But at last John Pierce, Selms' clerk said:

"Look here, Mr. Selms; there's something wrong about this. That boy has been selling us coonskins all the afternoon."

Selms went back to his pile of pelts. There were several sheepskins, but only one coonskin, the one he had that moment bought.

Selms himself in after years used to tell this story as a great joke.—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

HUMOR AS A WORLD FORCE

Contrasting the Men Who Create With the Men Who Destroy.

Sir Herbert Tree in a lecture at the Birmingham and Midland institute said:

"Humor may be a help or a clog in life. Many great men have been without it. I think it may be broadly stated that men of action, the great destroyers, the men who take, are as a rule devoid of humor, while men of imagination and contemplation, those who create, who give, have the gift of humor. Among those pre-eminently gifted with humor were Abraham Lincoln, Disraeli, Goethe and Heine, the late Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, Dickens, Thackeray, Fielding, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII., Charles II., Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Emerson and Byron.

"I could enlarge upon this theme until your eyelids would no longer wag. But I will content myself with contrasting as typical examples of the yea and nay of humor two of the world's greatest men—Shakespeare and Napoleon, the arch creator and the arch destroyer.

"Shakespeare gave an abiding joy, one that will contribute to the happiness, the education and the ennobling of mankind throughout the ages, 'in states unborn and accents yet unknown.' Napoleon, on the other hand, took from mankind millions of lives and set humanity wailing."—London Telegraph.

A Queer Diagnosis.

A celebrated Dublin physician was Sir Dominic Corrigan, who was as much famed for his brusqueness toward patients as for his skill. In the course of some reminiscences William Charles Scully told a story of the doctor which is quite well worth quoting. "I was taken to see him," says the writer, "several times, but he always treated me with the utmost kindness. However, a highly respectable maiden aunt of mine had a different experience. She went to consult him. After sounding her—none too gently—and asking a few questions he gave a grunt and relapsed into silence. Then after a short pause of meditation he said, 'Well, ma'am, it's one of two things—either you drink or else you sit with your back to the fire.'"

More Lovable.

Two peevish old dames were sent over to inspect a Red Cross hospital in France. They came back and reported that a black cat was kept as a pet in the institute. The head of the hospital was written to about it and replied:

"The black cat is the Tommies' mascot, and they're fond of her—a lot fonder than they were of the two old cats you sent out here to inspect us."—Chicago Herald.

Newly Discovered Talents.

"Of course I shrieked when I thought there was a burglar in the house," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"What did your husband do?"

"Charley looked at me with deep reproach and asked why I couldn't holler that way once in awhile when the home team needed a boost."—Washington Star.

The Best Chance.

Grubbs—Why did you indorse so cordially Litebrane's application for appointment to a place in the consular service?

Stubbs—Because I could not think of anything else that was likely to carry him farther away from home."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

He Went.

She—What are you thinking of, Mr. Borley? He—I was thinking it was time to go home. She—Now, here is the difference between men and women—I arrived at that conclusion long ago, and you have only just worked it out.

There are no chagrins so venomous as the chagrin of the idle; no pangs so sickening as the satieties of pleasure.—Ruskin

SLANDER AND THE LAW.

Making a Charge Orally and In Writing Are Vastly Different.

Much may be said which cannot be written, observes William W. Brewton in Case and Comment. Slander (in the legal sense) is usually not actionable per se, though contempt and perhaps ridicule be caused of the person against whom the words were uttered, unless the accusation falsely involves crime, moral turpitude, disease, trade, business, profession or other relation of similar importance.

To orally charge one with wife whipping, forgery of a receipt, having burned a will, having taken something some person has missed, petty deeds of rascality, being addicted to the use of drugs, with having spoken disrespectfully of another, is not to be guilty of slander.

It was held in an English case that to express a suspicion that one has committed some act is not slanderous per se. An Arkansas case has declared that to declare that one's reputation for truth and veracity is bad and that the speaker would not believe the person charged on oath is not slanderous in itself.

It has been held in Georgia, New York, Louisiana and other states that such terms as rogue, rascal or villain are not in themselves actionable as slander.

Egyptian Maxims.

An Egyptian papyrus which dates back to about 4000 B. C. has the following injunctions: "Calumnies should never be repeated." "Guard thy speech before all things, for a man's ruin lies in his tongue." The wise men of the race early learned good sense.

Nailed by the Ears.

During the prosecution of a London east end shopkeeper for adulteration recently the magistrate remarked that in days gone by tradesmen convicted of offenses similar to this were punished by being nailed by the ears to their own doorposts.

He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.—Sir W. Drummond.

Water Colors.

Water color painting was gradually raised from the hard, dry style of the eighteenth century to its present brilliancy by the efforts of Nicholson, Copley, Sanley and others. The Water Color society's exhibitions began in 1805 and may be said to mark the real beginning of modern water color painting. The great master, if not creator of the art was the celebrated Turner, of whom we read so much in the works of John Ruskin.—Exchange.

There Was One.

Judge—What's your charge against the prisoner? Complainant—Burglary. He stole $5 from me at the station. Judge—But for burglary there must be a breaking. Complainant—Well, your honor, when he took the five he broke me.—Boston Transcript.

Smart.

Countryman—Here, you! What in thunder d'yer mean by putting 'Paid with thanks' on my account? Jest you put 'with cash,' and be slick too! None o' yer funny jokes on me!"

Why She Didn't.

New Employer—But why did you leave your last mistress? New Maid—Hivens! Did you expect me t' bring her along wid me?—Cleveland Leader.

Soliciting Insurance.

The Solicitor—We pay you if you die, if you are hurt, if you get sick. The Victim—How much if I get sick of paying the premium?—Albany Argus.

Dr. Johnson's Homeliness.

Samuel Johnson was himself—and this is a quality rarely found in "plain" men—under no illusion as to his personal appearance. Dr. Burney tells us that on one occasion while Miss Burney was examining his portrait he peeped over her shoulder and, with a ludicrous half laugh, exclaimed: "Ah, ha, Sam Johnson! I see thee—and an ugly dog thou art!"—London Times.

Few Have It to This Extent.

"Pa, what is business tact?"

"Knowing the cash customer just as well as you know the one that runs up a bill every month." — Detroit Free Press.

In Praise of the Eskimos.

Admiral R. E. Peary, in the narrative describing his discovery of the north pole devotes a very long chapter to the Eskimos, with whom he has had intimate dealings for many years. He tells us that, though they are savages, they are not savage; that, though they are without government, they are not lawless; that, though they are uneducated, they exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence. He assures us that they have no religion, yet he describes them as destitute of vice and ready to share their last meal with the hungry. He thinks it would be impossible to Christianize them, but they already possess the cardinal graces of faith, hope and charity, for "without them they could never survive the six months' night and the other rigors of their home."

Prompting the Prompter.

Like all artists, Sir Henry Irving sometimes allowed the line he was to speak evade his memory for the moment, but so seldom his prompter grew careless. One night Sir Henry turned to the wings and said, "Line, please." The prompter was busy chatting, and Sir Henry repeated, "Line, line!" There was a rustling of leaves, and then a distressed voice murmured, "Which line, Sir Henry?"

Born Lucky.

First Coster—Well, poor old Bill's gone.

Second Coster (scornfully)—Poor, indeed! Luckiest bloke in the market. Couldn't touch nuffink wifout it turned to money. Insured 'is 'ouse—burned in a month. Insured 'isself agin haccidents—broke 'is harm first week. Joined the Burial serciety last Toosday, and now 'e's 'opped it. I call it luck."—London Tit-Bits.

Patience.

For twenty long years a West Virginia woman remained constant to her husband, who left his home on a journey and has only just returned. There was no mystery about his absence, however. He came to Washington to take out a patent.—Washington Herald.

Sign Language.

"I hate to gossip about people, and yet I don't like to go around in society as a prude."

"No need to say a thing, my dear. Just elevate your eyebrows at the proper point, and you'll get along."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Model Man.

"Was your husband good to you, Mandy?"

"'Deed he was, miss. I wo'ked eighteen hours a day fo' yeahs fo' dat man, an' he never once found fault wif a thing I did fo' him."—Detroit Free Press.

Pecuniarily Speaking.

"You say that Jenkins owes everything he has to you."

"Worse. He owes much more that he has to me."—Boston Transcript.

He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one. All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

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Bellefonte, Penna.

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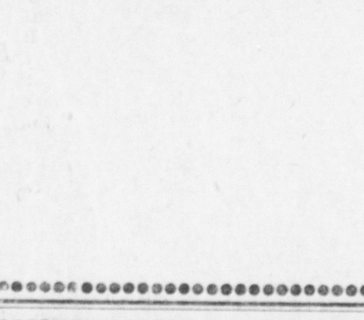

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Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME!
Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy
SEVEN BARKS
It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Miss Mae Turner spent Sunday with friends in Tyrone.

D. Paul Fortney was a visitor to Williamsport on Monday.

Gregg Curtin was a visitor to Williamsport on Sunday, last.

Miss Irma Cronemiller visited with friends in Tyrone on Monday.

Dr. M. J. Locke was a visitor to Baltimore on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. John M. Shugert departed on Thursday of last week for Downingtown.

Misses Anna and Caroline Valentine departed last Thursday for New York City.

Mrs. Harry Stevenson visited with Lock Haven friends on Friday of last week.

James Noonan, proprietor of the Brant House, was a visitor to Williamsport last Friday.

J. M. Schiele and Charles and Edward Rowland were visitors to Philipsburg Sunday.

Misses Mary McClure and Susan Finkbinder visited over Sunday with friends in Tyrone.

Robert Hood, who is located at Meadville, was an arrival in town last Thursday to visit with old home friends.

Ralph Harter departed on Monday for Pitcairn, where he is employed as a locomotive fireman on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart entertained with a four o'clock tea on Wednesday afternoon at her home on East Linn Street.

F. C. Stoughton, general manager for the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. at Lewisburg, was a business visitor in town last Saturday.

Miss Marjorie McGinley, who had been ill from grip, has recovered sufficiently to resume her duties as a teacher in the public schools.

Frank Cole, who came to Bellefonte last week to attend the funeral of the late Robert Cole, a half-brother, departed for home on Friday.

George Sherry and daughter were in Tyrone on Monday in attendance upon the funeral of the late Mrs. Peters, a sister of Mr. Sherry.

A delightful surprise party was held last Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hazel, on Logan Street, the function being arranged for their son, Herman.

Mrs. VanHook, wife of Lieutentant C. E. VanHook, who had been visiting for some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keepe, returned on Monday to Annapolis, Md.

Mrs. Calvin Spicher returned last Thursday to her home in Wilkinsburg, after having visited for a time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Heckman, on Lamb Street.

Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler departed last Saturday for Philadelphia, from which point they later proceeded to Crystal Beach, Florida, where they will remain for probably two months.

Owing to the illness of her mother, Mrs. A. J. Cood, Miss Margaret Cook has resigned her position as an instructor at Wellesley College and will remain at her parental home in Bellefonte. James B. Cook was an over-Sunday visitor with his parents.

Engineer J. Theodore Cherry, of the Lewisburg and Tyrone branch, is again able to be about, after having been laid up with grip and pneumonia. For a time the Cherry home was sadly afflicted. Mr. Cherry was ill with pneumonia and a child was down with diphtheria. Happily both now are on the road to full recovery.

The Bellefonte Academy basket ball team opened the season last week with two victories, defeating the Altoona P. R. R. five Friday night 56 to 21, and the Tyrone Y. M. C. A., P. R. R. team Saturday night 28 to 24. Tomorrow night the Academy five will play at Hollidaysburg and on Saturday night at Altoona.

Miss Cooney, whose creations in millinery have attracted so much favorable notice, will on February 1st. remove her millinery store from Claster's to the store room on High Street occupied for some time past by C. D. Casebeer, the jeweler. Miss Cooney will be glad to have her many patrons call at her new store and inspect her line of hats, which will be more elaborate and attractive than ever.

Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., was sixty-four years old on Wednesday, January 19th, and members of her family arranged in her honor what proved to be a most delightful surprise dinner. One by one the family arrived at the Steele home and it was not until activity developed in the dining room that Mrs. Steele awoke to the fact that something unusual was afoot. When she sat down to the table she found herself surrounded by her family and all enjoyed a splendid chicken and waffle dinner. One of the numerous good things prepared was a large birthday cake on the top of which was the name "Mother", and underneath the date and Mrs. Steele's age. With Mrs. Steele there were present on the happy occasion Mr. and Mrs. William L. Steele, Jr., and son, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Steele and two children, Mrs. R. B. Holter and son, David Steele, John L. Steele and Olive M. Steele.

John Raymond visited over Sunday at Bakerton, Pa.

Mrs. W. H. Macker was a visitor to Altoona last Friday.

Boyd Musser, of Altoona, was a visitor in Bellefonte over Sunday.

Nelson Showers, of Johnstown, was a Sunday visitor in Bellefonte.

John Connigan spent Sunday at his parental home at Axe Mann.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilmour were visitors to Lewisburg on Monday.

C. D. Casebeer, the jeweler, has purchased the M. I. Gardner china store.

John Larimer, of Mt. Carmel, is visiting with old home friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Richards and daughter, of Philipsburg, visited here over the week end with Mrs. Fall Stover.

Miss Elizabeth Gephart departed on Thursday of last week for Chester to visit with the Hillers.

Mrs. Eva Parker, of Jersey Shore, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Bidwell, on South Allegheny Street.

Mrs. Margaret Miller, of Hagerstown, Md., is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart.

James B. McClain, of Spangler, spent several days last week at the Spangler home on Allegheny Street.

Mrs. Edward Latham, of Harrisburg, spent a very pleasant week here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Haupt.

Miss Mollie Snyder, who has been in Baltimore with her sister for some time, returned to Bellefonte on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. White, of State College, spent the week-end in town as guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith.

Mrs Alice Robb, of State College, spent several days here recently with her daughter, Mrs W. Harrison Walker.

Mrs. C. L. Arnold was an arrival here on Monday and is visiting with her parents, former Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis.

Mrs. Lawrence McClure and child were arrivals in town from Renovo on Wednesday and will visit with relatives for a time.

On Saturday in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium a State College scrub basket ball team will play the Academy reserves. Admission 15c.

Mrs. Robert Roberts, of Piedmont, West Virginia, spent a week here very enjoyably as the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. S. Mallalieu.

Miss Daisy Clayton returned on Tuesday to her home in Philadelphia, after spending a month very enjoyably here with her sister, Mrs. J. J. Kilpatrick.

Miss Florence S. Rhone, daughter of Hon. Leonard Rhone, of Centre Hall, is recuperating in the Harrisburg Hospital, following an operation last week for appendicitis.

Ten convicts from Pittsburgh were removed to the new penitentiary near by Bellefonte on Tuesday. Four convicts who had been at the new prison were returned on the same day to Pittsburgh, supposedly for infraction of the rules.

A close and exciting girl's basket ball game is scheduled for Friday evening at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The opposing teams will be the Tyrone High School and Bellefonte High School. Admission 25c. It is to be hoped there will be a large attendance.

Edward Randolph Wood, of Philadelphia, was a visitor in town on Thursday and Friday of last week. Mr. Wood is traveling over the State seeking support from Republicans for his candidacy for nomination for President at the Chicago national convention next June. He is hopeful that he may receive the indorsement of the Pennsylvania delegation, should the delegates indicate any preference in advance of the convention.

A very clever, unique play, given under the auspices of the Bellefonte Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will be presented at Garman's Opera House on February 11th. The caste has enthusiastically entered into the work and promises great success The D. A. R. wants to raise money to erect handsome memorial gates at the entrance to the Union cemetery and as the object will appeal to the many people, the society solicits their generous and practical co-operation.

The Penna. State Salvage Co. has purchased the stock of the big Musser store at State College, which was damaged by smoke and water at the time of the fire in the Gentzel Block two weeks ago. The purchasers will conduct a big sale of the stock, at State College, beginning Friday January 28th. The stock includes everything to be found in a well equipped general store. The purchasers secured the stock from the insurance adjustors and therefore will offer everything at remarkably low prices. The sale will be continued until the big line of drygoods, shoes, notions, etc. is disposed of.

Chas. Moerschbacher last Friday had a bad fall on High Street, nearby the home of Dr. M. A. Kirk, and for a time he was unconscious. He left his home on Thomas Street early in the morning and was enroute to his restaurant when he slipped on the ice on the sidewalk and fell heavily to the street. His head struck the sidewalk with considerable force. Mr. Moerschbacher was able to proceed to his restaurant but shortly afterward he became unconscious and a physician was summoned. It was not until several hours later that he recovered. He is again able to be about and attend to business.

Edward Richards departed for Philadelphia on Monday.

Mrs. R. Rusell Blair is spending the week in Philadelphia.

J. W. Runkle, of Centre Hall, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Miss Janet Potter spent Sunday in Lock Haven as the guest of Mrs. S. A. Bixler.

Mrs. Edward D. Stewart has removed from the Hurley property to the Bush House.

Mrs. Joseph Twitmire, of Sunbury, was an arrival in town yesterday to visit with friends.

Miss Louise Brachbill leaves tomorrow to visit with friends in Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

Mrs. K. A. Snodgrass, of South Bend, Indiana, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. D. Hunter.

Mrs. Frank Mullen and daughter, Mrs J. B. Haines, of Altoona, are guests of Miss Brockerhoff.

Mrs. J. A. Aiken and daughter, Miss Emma Aiken, were arrivals home Monday from Beaver Falls.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff will leave in a few days for Harrisburg, from which place he will go to Crystal Beach Florida.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Harvey E. Walker, Ruth B. Fogleman,	Bellefonte "
Robert C. Rider, Annie E. Lingle,	Coburn "
Earl D. Bierly, Lizzie A. Wance,	Gregg Twp. Spring Mills

Hearing on Road Petition.

Testimony for and against a petition for a public road in Lemont, College Township, will be held in the Grand Jury Room at the Court House on Monday, February 21st. The road in question extends from the Bellefonte and Boalsburg turnpike road to a point near the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Lemont.

George W. Kuhn Dead.

George W. Kuhn, of Reedsville, died recently at the Harrisburg Hospital, aged about 58 years. He was a brother of Peter Kuhn, of Spring Mills.

THEY PUZZLED HUXLEY.

Terms In Which He Found It Difficult to Define His Belief.

Huxley once wondered whether he was a deist, an atheist, an agnostic, a pantheist, a materialist or a skeptic, an idealist, a Christian, an infidel or a freethinker. And the more he reflected the deeper his problem. What answer will any one make? Dr. James C. Fernald in his work "Synonyms and Antonyms" defines each according to his own belief, as follows:

"The deist admits the existence of God, but denies that the Christian Scriptures are a revelation from Him The atheist denies that there is a God The agnostic denies either that we do know or that we can know whether there is a God. The skeptic doubts divine revelation.

"The infidel is an opprobrious term that might once almost have been said to be geographical in its range. The crusaders called all Mohammedans infidels and were so called by them in return. The word is commonly applied to any decided opponent of an accepted religion.

"A freethinker is inclined or addicted to free thinking, especially one who rejects authority or inspiration in religion. A materialist takes interest only in the material or bodily necessities and comforts of life. A pantheist accepts the doctrine of pantheism. An idealist idealizes or seeks an ideal or ideal conditions. A Christian is one whose profession and life conform to the teaching and example of Christ.

"Pantheism is the doctrine that God and the universe are identical. It contrasts with atheism as the positive denial and with agnosticism as the dogmatic doubt of the existence of God. It opposes that form of deism which denies the divine immanence and separates God from the world."

Keeping a Lamp Clean.

Once in two months I separate the wicks from the burners and boil them in soda water. In about ten or fifteen minutes I take them out and clean them with an old toothbrush, rinse and dry. I lay the wicks straight to keep their shape. They will be white and pliable. Then fill the lamps with suds (not too hot) and let stand awhile until all discolorings have vanished. Drain, wipe out and refill with kerosene, adding a teaspoonful of salt to each lamp. Lamps treated this way give a beautiful bright light and there is no fear of an explosion.—Boston Post.

Sing Different Songs.

"Pa, you sing bass in the choir, don't you?" asked Bobby Smithers.

"Yes, my son," replied Smithers.

"And ma sings soprano?"

"That's right."

"Well, there's one thing I don't understand."

"What is it?"

"Mrs. Tompkins says you sing mighty big in public and mighty small at home."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The New Chauffeur Era.

Old Gentleman (engaging new chauffeur)—I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character? Chauffeur—I am sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service.—London Punch.

TWO ARE FOUND DEAD

(Continued from first page)

Barnes supposed that Mrs. Noll was asleep and that Mr. Noll was alive and looking at something inside the car. The fact that the man and his wife were stone dead never so much as suggested itself to Mr. Barnes and he closed the garage door wholly unconscious of the tragedy that was to be revealed an hour later.

About 8 o'clock Saturday morning Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Noll drove to town enroute to Runville, stopping at the garage to leave a package to be taken home by the former's brother. Calvin Noll walked into the garage and after speaking to his brother and receiving no response stepped to within a foot or two of the machine. To his horror he found his brother's body nearly rigid in death, and also the wife's lifeless body on the front seat. Calvin Noll called his wife and upon going into the garage she too learned of the sad tragedy. Calvin Noll did not notice a particularly strong odor of gas at that time, nor did Mr. Barnes when he visited the garage an hour earlier. Mrs. Calvin Noll, said, however, that when she stepped into the garage she at once detected a strong odor of gas, but whether from raw gasoline or burned gasoline she could not say. W. H. Macker, who was another witness at the inquest, told of visiting the Noll garage Friday afternoon and of finding Mr. Noll busy repairing the car. George Noll, the venerable father of William H. Noll, attended the inquest but was not called as a witness.

Coroner Sebring, addressing the jury, expressed the belief that the testimony established as well as was possible that Mr. and Mrs. Noll had been suffocated by burned gasoline fumes. The jury concurred in this and rendered a verdict accordingly. The bodies were removed on Sunday to the Noll home, at Peru, for burial on Wednesday. Both bodies were placed in one grave.

William Noll was born June 3d, 1888. He was rather well and favorably known about town. He had worked at one time or another at several local garages. More recently he opened a small garage on Water Street and used his car for livery purposes. His wife was formerly Miranda Mowery, a daughter of Samuel and Irene Mowry, of Rebersburg. She was aged about 30 years and had resided in Bellefonte for a number of years.

Death of Student.

Arthur Winslow, of DuBois, a student at Penn State College, died at DuBois on Wednesday of last week from typhoid fever. He was a member of the class of 1919.

Well Known Eye Specialists Will be Here Next Wednesday.

Rubin & Rubin, Harrisburg's Leading Eye Specialists, will be at Krumrine's Drug Store, Bellefonte, and Mason's Drug Store, Lock Haven, on Wednesday, Jan. 26th, for one week's time. Look at their big ad. on page four.

Thanks, Postman—the Regular ÆTNA Check

CAN'T beat that service. Almost pays to break a leg, doesn't it? This $200 covers the $50 a week for total disability provided for in my ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY. When I am only partly disabled I will get $25 a week. Surgeon's fee or hospital bill, too. You postmen ought to

ÆTNA-IZE

You can easily afford it. In fact, you cannot afford not to. Out on the streets all day long, you're constantly exposed to a thousand forms of accident. Make life pretty comfy if something happened to you and one of the boys brought you a check as regularly as you bring mine to me.

A word, and the ÆTNA Agent will tell you how to connect up with absolute protection. My Agent is

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Bias. Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

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Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
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John W. Vogel's Offering.

John W. Vogel, "The Minstrel King" and his combined forces, will make their bow in a brand new production next Friday evening, February 4th, at Garman's Opera House, in "Japland". The offering is classed as an operatic, minstrel farce-comedy in two acts and fourteen scenes. Many of the song numbers are the priceless gems from grand and comic opera, a duet from "Pinafore" Three Little Maids from "The Midado", the Swan Song from "Lohengrin", and the Sextette from "Lucia." The accompaniments will be supplied by Mr. Vogel's own double symphany orchestra. The seat sale opens Friday February 4th at 8 A. M., at Parrish's Drug store. Phone orders.

James I. Dennis Dead.

James Irvin Dennis died at his late home at Chester Hill, near Philipsburg, last Thursday evening, aged 68 years, 5 months and 26 days. He was born in Huntingdon County During the Civil War he served in Company E, 45th Regiment, Penna. Vols. He was taken a prisoner at Spring Church in front of Petersburg September 30, 1864, and was confined in prison at Salsburg, North Carolina, for eight months.

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